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Choice Poetry.

TO THE MOTHER OF A LOVELY BOY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Love not that gentle child too well—
Too spirit-like his beauty seems,
Too like the lovely forms which dwell
Amid the sunny light of dreams;
Too like a lily-bud is he,
In pale exquisite purity!

Within his violet-colored eyes
Lies the rich light of fairer skies,
Too fair and tender seems his form,
Long to withstand life's beating storm;
Oh, do not then too fondly cling
To such a lovely, fragile thing!

Ah, me! what idle words are mine!
Vain warnings to a mother's heart,
For who could clasp a child like thine,
Nor wish to bid all fear depart,
And hope for years of life and joy,
Of love and honor for her boy?

But I have learned to call them blest
In childhood's early morn who die—
Ere sin hath stained the pure young breast,
Or dimmed the spirit's glorious eye,
And every lovely infant seems
A cherub, wanting only wings,
And knowledge of the holy theme
The infant-choir in heaven sings—
For whom to die, is but to rise,
A welcome guest to Paradise!

M. I. E. KNOX.

I'M WEEPING O'ER MY ROSES.

BY ANSON G. CHESTER.

I'm weeping o'er my roses,
Old fostered flowers were they,
That blossomed in my early years,
But blossomed to decay:
They flourished, but they faded
Beneath some careless sting;
They could not stem Life's winter,
Those children of its spring.

I'm grieving o'er my roses,
That withered 'ere their time,
And thus I cast my moanings on
The flowing waves of rhyme;
And stranger ears shall listen
To catch the music low,
That know not of my sadness
And care not for my woe.

Thou, too, wilt soon be weeping
Above thy stricken flowers,
Before the faithful clock of time
Shall tell thy life's small hours;
Then thou shalt deem my sorrow
No vain and idle thing,
And learn aright the import
Of this the song I sing.

Original Novelet.

THE TWO BRIDES.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S., of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

"Oh! where is this to end?" exclaimed Mrs. Herbert, as she wrung her hands on entering her chamber; having passed the servant in the hall, and glided swiftly up the stairs. Then carefully locking the doors of the room, she sat down, and waited, with a panting heart, until the two men, whom she now understood to be auctioneers, had completed their inventory. From the parlors they passed to the chambers; but did not offer to enter the one she occupied. Then they went over the back building, and took a list of all the articles of household furniture contained therein. Nearly two hours were spent in the work. Soon after they had retired from the house, Anderson called and obtained admission. He passed by the servant, notwithstanding she told him, as he stepped within the door, that her mistress would not see him.

"Tell Mrs. Herbert," said he, "that I must speak a word with her."

With this communication the servant went up to Mrs. Herbert's room.

"Who came in, Margaret?" was asked, as she entered.

"Mr. Anderson. He says that he must speak a word with you."

"Tell him that it is in vain to call," replied Mrs. Herbert, firmly, "I will not see him."

With this message the servant returned to the parlor, but soon came back again.

"He says that he will not leave the house until he sees you," said the servant.

"He does!" ejaculated Mrs. Herbert, in an indignant tone of voice.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Very well. Let him remain. But, do you say to him, from me, that no importunity can alter my fixed purpose, never to meet him again, except as a stranger. Then do you get yourself ready to go out immediately. I want you to take a note for me to the office of Mr. M——."

Mr. M—— was an eminent lawyer, who had been the legal adviser and particular friend of Mr. Manuel, the father of Caroline. To him she penned a hurried note—

"Oh, sir!" she wrote, "for the sake of my honored father, come to me, and come quickly. I am in great trouble. Do not delay a moment."

"Go out by the back way," said Mrs. Herbert, to the servant, when she returned to her room, "and take this note to Mr. M——. Then hurry home again. What did Mr. Anderson say?"

"That he would see you before he left the house."

"Very well. Do your errand as quickly as possible."

It happened that Mr. M—— was in his office when Margaret came with the note from Mrs. Herbert. Its contents startled him.

"Is Mrs. Herbert at her own house?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Margaret.

"Tell her that I will call up immediately." And he arose and commenced at once to draw on his coat.

Anderson, notwithstanding the last peremptory message from Mrs. Herbert, still lingered. He could not believe that she was really in earnest. Momently, he expected to see her enter the rooms through which he was pacing slowly backwards and forwards. Suddenly he paused and listened. The street door bell had been rung. Then there was heard the voice and tread of a man. A moment after, and Mr. M—— entered the parlor.

"Mr. Anderson!" said the new comer, in a tone of surprise.

Before Anderson, confused by the unexpected appearance of Mr. M——, had time to reply, Mrs. Herbert entered the room.

"Caroline!" exclaimed Mr. M——, when he saw her pale, agitated countenance.

She passed quickly to the side of her father's old friend, catching eagerly hold of his hands as she did so, and shrinking against him like a frightened one who had suddenly found a protector.

"My dear Caroline," said Mr. M——, with the tender concern of a parent, "what can I do for you?"

"First," she replied, in a husky voice, "ask that gentleman," pointing to Anderson, "to leave the house."

"Mr. Anderson!" said Mr. M——, in a tone of surprise.

Anderson, without speaking, hastily withdrew. He had come as a pretended friend—he went away a bitter enemy, vowing, in his heart, that he would have his revenge. But, far better the enmity than the friendship of such a man. His love was a false fire, kindled but to consume the object of his regard. Such love changes quickly to its opposite—hate.

As Anderson withdrew, Mr. M—— said to Mrs. Herbert,

"Caroline, what does all this mean?"

Without speaking, she placed her husband's letter in his hands.

An exclamation of astonishment and grief fell from his lips, as he finished its perusal.

"Child of my old and valued friend!—has it come to this?" said he, turning his eyes upon Mrs. Herbert, who sat weeping and trembling by his side. "Has it come to this?"

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Herbert, "I am innocent! Do not turn from me, in this great extremity. Thoughtless, vain, imprudent, I have been—but, in the sight of Heaven, Mr. M——, I solemnly declare that I have committed no crime against Martin, or my own soul. Of this, I was incapable. He left me in society without a protector; and a man, whose purposes I now fear were evil, flattered me with his attentions, interested me by a constant excitement of my tastes, and the gratification of my vain inclinations, until I so far forgot what was due to social propriety, and my position as a married woman, as to draw upon myself the eye of suspicion, and to make active the tongue of slander. This is the extent—the utmost extent, Mr. M——, of my misdeeds."

"This Anderson is the person to whom you allude?" said Mr. M——.

"Yes. He is the man. Since this blow fell upon me like a bolt from the sky, he has made repeated efforts to see me. But, I have steadily refused, except once, briefly, to have an interview with him. To-day he forced himself in, and said that he would not leave the house, until I consented to meet him. In despair I sent for you. And now, Mr. M——," this was said almost imploringly—"do not turn from me. I have been much to blame. Humbly do I confess my errors—deeply do I repent of them. Oh! do not see me crushed entirely to the earth. Let the memory of my father fill your heart with pity for his unhappy child."

"Take courage, Mrs. Herbert," replied this true friend. "Take courage. You have erred, but I believe you to be innocent of the great crime that is charged. I will not turn from you. No, no. Confide in me as in your own father."

Overcome by this earnest response, Mrs. Herbert wept for a time freely. As she grew composed, Mr. M—— said,

"The difficulty in which you are placed is a very serious one, and demands the gravest attention. Have you replied to this letter of your husband?"

"Oh yes. I replied immediately."

"Avowing your innocence?"

"Yes, and making the humblest confession of error. At the same time I implored him to retrace the steps he had taken."

"Where are your children?"

"I do not know. Night before last, on returning home, late, from a place of amusement, I found the letter you have just read, in my room. My children are probably at his father's."

"Has your letter been answered?"

"No."

"Have you been to his father's?"

"I went this morning; but was refused admission by the waiter. He said that he had been ordered to close the door upon me; and he shut it in my face."

"Mr. Herbert's purpose is, to leave you in possession of these premises."

"No, sir. There have been men here examining the furniture preparatory to a sale on next Monday."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes. As far as I can learn from the only servant who has been left in the house, an inventory of every thing has been taken except the articles in my chamber. That they did not attempt to enter."

Mr. M—— reflected on this information for some considerable time.

"Mr. Herbert has sold, in the last two years, a great deal of the real estate that belonged to your father. How is it about your right of dower? Did you join him in a conveyance of the property?"

"I have signed a good many papers at his request."

"You have?"

"Yes."

"Bad! Bad!" said Mr. M——. And again he sat for some time thoughtful.

"I am afraid," he then resumed, "that you have alienated your entire interest in the property received from your father. In this case, if the application for a divorce prove successful, you are left without a dollar."

"Surely—surely my husband will not inflict upon me so deep a wrong?" said Mrs. Herbert, in a troubled voice.

"You have every thing to fear, Caroline. He is capable, I fully believe, of doing all that he now seems meditated."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed the wretched woman. "See him for me! See him before he takes another step in the way he is going."

"How do you stand with his family?" asked Mr. M——.

"There has been a coldness between us for some time. My husband's mother remonstrated with me sharply for my intimacy with Mr. Anderson. Her manner offended me, and I replied in a way that made her angry. We have had but little intercourse since."

"His family, then, are prejudiced against you?"

"Yes. Strongly, I presume."

"I will see Martin's father immediately," said Mr. M——, rising. "All that is in my power to do for you shall be done. In the course of to day I will call here again."

Mr. M—— waited at once upon the elder Mr. Herbert. At the mention of the name of his son's wife, the old gentleman exhibited a good deal of feeling, and spoke against her in strong terms.

"Perhaps," suggested Mr. M——, "Caroline may only have been imprudent."

Mr. Herbert shook his head impatiently as he replied—

"She has disgraced herself and all connected with her!"

"There should be conclusive evidence to warrant so strong a condemnation," said Mr. M——.

"Her derelictions have been open to the day for years past," returned Mr. Herbert. "She has made herself a by-word and a reproach. Go to any respectable family in the city and ask for an opinion of her character."

"I believe her only to have been imprudent, not criminal," said Mr. M——, firmly.

"While I know to the contrary," replied Mr. Herbert, in a positive tone of voice. "We have evidence against her of the most conclusive character."

"Have you examined this evidence yourself?"

"No—but my son has. He is the party most interested."

"He may have been too ready to give credence to slanderous tongues," said Mr. M——.

"Too ready! He has forborne for years," was the warmly uttered reply of Mr. Herbert.

A little while longer the interview was continued; but it availed nothing. Mr. Herbert's conviction of Caroline's criminality was not to be shaken in the least.

"Your son has employed counsel in the case, I presume," said Mr. M——, at the conclusion of the conference.

"Yes," was replied. "Mr. H—— is his legal advisor."

To H—— Mr. M—— went immediately. He found him in the act of drawing up a petition to the Legislature for an act to annul the marriage contract between Martin Herbert and his wife, on the ground of infidelity. After stating the object of his visit, Mr. M—— asked as to the nature of the proofs to be brought forward against Mrs. Herbert. To his surprise and pain, he found that, already, numerous affidavits of servants who had lived in the house, and individuals who had evidently been employed to watch Mrs. Herbert's movements, were in the possession of the lawyer. They were all of a character to leave on the mind a very unfavorable impression. As evidence before a Court, they had in them certain vitiating defects; but as evidence before a mere Legislative Committee, they were, Mr. M—— saw at a glance, likely to be taken as conclusive of guilt.

"Does Mrs Herbert propose to employ counsel in this matter?" asked the lawyer.

"I am her counsel," replied Mr. M——.

"You!"

H—— seemed surprised.

"Yes. I believe her to be innocent of the crime laid to her charge, and shall oppose, in her name, the application you are about to make."

"Here are strong proofs to the contrary," said H——.

"As a Judge on the bench, would you give a decision in her husband's favor on this evidence?"

H—— hesitated to reply.

"No, you would not," said Mr. M——. "You are too good a lawyer not to see the defective points in all these affidavits. They do not establish the fact you seek to prove. But I need not tell you this."

H—— shrugged his shoulders, as he replied—

"I presume we will have no difficulty in making out our case before the Committee on the Judiciary."

"You might have none, were no opposition to be made. But, depend upon it, you will have more than a weak, persecuted woman, to contend against. Bear that in mind."

"We shall not be anxious for the issue," returned H——. "If the evidence already procured be not sufficient for our purpose, we have more to fall back upon. I saw a gentleman only half an hour ago, who knows more about the lady than either you or I; and he intimated his probable willingness to make disclosure."

"Anderson!" said Mr. M——, in a quick voice.

H—— did not respond to this, but Mr. M—— saw by the expression of his countenance, that he did not err in his suspicions.

"I did not think his baseness went so far as that," said Mr. M——, rising.

"Whose baseness?" asked H——.

"Anderson's."

"I did not say the person was Anderson."

"That was unnecessary," said Mr. M——, coldly. "I know perfectly well to whom you refer."

"Do you propose to allow the lady a settlement?" inquired Mr. M——.

The lawyer of Herbert shook his head.

"The property was hers."

"She has signed away her dower in the whole of it."

"I feared as much. But is it just to take such an advantage of a helpless woman?"

"That is her husband's business," said H——, indifferently. "I am only his counsel."

"You might counsel him to act more justly," said Mr. M——, with a rebuking expression on his venerable face.

"I don't know," returned H——, manifesting some restlessness. "But, I rather think the lady will have no one to blame for the consequences she is likely to suffer, but herself."

More clearly understanding now the case, and comprehending more fully all the difficulties by which it was environed, Mr. M—— retired to his office in order to reflect upon the subject and to decide upon the course of action best for him to take.

Mrs. Herbert's sudden separation from her children awoke in her bosom all those maternal feelings which had, in a measure, lain dormant under the pressure or predominance of grosser and more external affections. She had loved them, but not with that intense love that holds all other loves in subordination. Now that they were removed from her, with the prospect of no after restoration, but an entire estrangement from her as one unworthy to be called by the sacred name of "mother," the long restrained waters of affection came sweeping over her heart. Oh! with what an intense longing did she desire to see her children to gather them in her arms, and clasp them to her bosom! Sincere was her repentance for past follies and neglect; earnest and deeply grounded her resolution to act more wisely in the future should she be restored to the position from which she had so suddenly fallen.

Long hours of painful suspense elapsed before Mr. M—— called to see her again. His grave face told her, the moment he entered, that he had not much that was hopeful to communicate. She asked him no question, but fixed her eyes upon his face with a look of earnest inquiry.

"This affair looks bad, Caroline," said he.

She made no response, but still gazed into his face.

"There is a disposition to push things to an extremity," continued Mr. M——.

"Have you seen Martin?" asked Caroline, in a husky whisper.

"No. But I saw his father."

"What did he say?"

"His mind is strongly prejudiced."

"Against me?"

"Yes."

"Could you not remove or weaken those prejudices?"

"No. They seem to have embedded themselves in his mind."

A long tremulous sigh came from her bosom.

"Are they really going to apply for a divorce?" she asked.

"Yes. That is their fixed determination."

Caroline gave way to tears and wept for some time bitterly.

"All that we can do," said Mr. M——, when she grew calm, "is to resist the application. They must not be permitted to blast your reputation this way. I have thought of one thing."

"What is it?" inquired Caroline, with some eagerness.

"We have nothing to hope from their magnanimity, nor from their sense of justice. Of that I am entirely satisfied. All we can do is to meet them as enemies and fight them with their own weapons."

Caroline was listening intently.

"If Martin succeeds in getting a divorce, he will, most probably, retain possession of all that was willed to you by your father, you having already parted with your legal rights, thus lessening the chances of our getting a property-reservation in your favor. But if you apply for a divorce—"

"I!" Caroline fairly started to her feet.

"If you anticipate his application for a divorce," continued Mr. M——, "and I can easily get evidence against Martin sufficient to sustain the application,—your character will not only be saved from the stain sought to be thrown upon it, but the Legislature will most probably require the settlement upon you of a good annuity."

"Never!" exclaimed Mrs. Herbert, with an energy and decision of manner that surprised Mr. M——.

"Why not?" inquired her friend and adviser.

"No—no! I cannot do it. I will be passive,—I will suffer whatever comes as inevitable.—But—no, Mr. M——, do not ask me to come forward as a persecutor of the father of my children."

Mr. M—— strongly urged the step he had proposed; but on that point Caroline was immovable. After fully satisfying her mind that nothing was to be hoped from a relenting spirit in her husband, he offered her the protection of his own family, which, after being assured that she would be received with kindness and sympathy by his wife and other members of his household, she gladly accepted.

Nothing was now left for Mrs. Herbert but to await the result of her husband's application for a divorce; and she was not long kept in suspense, for he was in earnest. The amount of evidence produced before the Legislative Committee was so great, that Mr. M—— found it impossible to counteract its effect on the minds of men who were occupied with a mass of other business, all requiring a certain amount of time and thought. A bill for annulling the marriage contract was reported, and, through the active influence of Herbert and his friends, hurried through both branches of the Legislature. The Governor was a personal friend of Mr. M——; and his final hope was to arrest the bill in his hand before it became a law. For this purpose he went to Harrisburg; but he was too late. The signature had already been given, and Caroline separated from her husband, and thrown, without fortune, and almost friendless, upon the world.

The strongest testimony brought against Caroline, before the Legislature, it may be stated, was obtained from Anderson. He had been false to her, as a woman, from the first; and now that he failed, signally, to get her into his power at the moment when he saw the almost immediate consummation of his evil purposes, he became one of her meanest traducers. There is no honor in the man who seeks to create for himself, in the mind of a married woman, a sentiment warmer than friendship, and sooner or later he will make it apparent to any one who is weak enough to be flattered by his attentions.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Picture Gallery

THE HERMITAGE.

We lay before our readers this week an engraving of the Hermitage, well known as the residence of Gen. Andrew Jackson, seventh President of the United States. The Grecian Temple beneath the willow on the right, is the tomb of the General's amiable and much beloved wife.

Selected Tale.

LOADED DICE.

FROM DICKENS'S HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

Several years ago I made a tour through some of the Southern Counties of England, with a friend. We travelled in an open carriage, stopping for a few hours a day, or a week, as it might be, wherever there was anything to be seen; and we generally got through one stage before breakfast, because it gave our horses rest, and ourselves the chance of enjoying the brown bread, new milk, and fresh eggs of those country roadside inns, which are fast becoming subjects for archæological investigation.

One evening, my friend said, "To-morrow, we will breakfast at T——. I want to inquire about a family named Lovell, who used to live there. I met the husband and wife and two lovely children, one Summer, at Exmouth. We became very intimate, and I thought them particularly interesting people, but I have never seen them since."

The next morning's sun shone as brightly as heart could desire, and after a delightful drive, we reached the outskirts of the town about nine o'clock.

"Oh! what a pretty inn," said I, as we approached a small white house, with a sign swinging in front of it, and a flower-garden on one side.

"Stop, John," cried my friend, "we shall get a much cleaner breakfast here than in the town, I dare say; and if there is anything to be seen there, we can walk to it." So we alighted, and were shown into a neat little parlor, with white curtains, where an unexceptionable breakfast was soon placed before us.

"Pray do you happen to know anything of a family called Lovell?" inquired my friend, whose name, by the way, was Markham. "Mr. Lovell was a clergyman."

"Yes, ma'am," answered the girl who attended us, apparently the landlord's daughter, "Mr. Lovell is the vicar of our parish."

"Indeed! and does he live near here?"

"Yes, ma'am, he lives at the vicarage. It's just down that lane opposite, about a quarter of a mile from here; or you can go across the fields, if you please, to where you see that tower; it's close by there."

"And which is the pleasantest road?" inquired Mrs. Markham.

"Why, ma'am, I think by the fields is the pleasantest, if you don't mind a stile or two, and besides, you get the best view of the Abbey by going that way."

"Is that tower we see, part of the Abbey?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the girl, "and the vicarage is just the other side of it."

Armed with these instructions, as soon as we had finished our breakfast we started across the fields, and after a pleasant walk of twenty minutes, we found ourselves in an old church-yard, amongst a cluster of the most picturesque ruins we had ever seen. With the exception of the grey tower, which we had espied from the inn, and which had doubtless been the belfry, the remains were not considerable. There was the outer wall of the chancel, and the broken step that had led to the high altar, and there were sections of aisles, and part of a cloister, all gracefully festooned with mosses and ivy; whilst mingled with the grass-grown graves of the prosaic dead, there were the massive tombs of the Dame Margerys and the Sir Hildebrands of more romantic periods. All was ruin and decay; but such poetic ruin! such picturesque decay! And just beyond the tall gray tower, there was the loveliest, smiling, little garden, and the prettiest cottage, that imagination could picture. The day was so bright, the grass so green, the flowers so gay, the air so balmy with their sweet perfumes, the birds sang so cheerily in the apple and cherry trees, that all nature seemed rejoicing.

"Well," said my friend, as she seated herself on the fragment of a pillar, and looked around her, "now that I see this place, I understand the sort of people the Lovells were."

"What sort of people were they?" said I.

"Why, as I said before, interesting people. In the first place, they were both extremely handsome."

"But the locality had nothing to do with their good looks, I presume," said I.

"I am not sure of that," she answered; "when there is the least foundation of taste or intellect to set out with, the beauty of external nature, and the picturesque accidents that harmonise with it, do, I am persuaded, by their gentle and elevating influence on the mind, make the handsome handsomer, and the ugly less ugly. But it was not alone the good looks of the Lovells that struck me, but their air of refinement and high breeding, and I should say birth—though I know nothing about their extraction—combined with their undisguised poverty and as evident contentment. Now, I can understand such people finding here an appropriate home, and being satisfied with their small share of this world's goods; because here the dreams of romance writers about love in a cottage might be somewhat realised; poverty might be graceful and poetical here; and then, you know, they have no rent to pay."

"Very true," said I; "but suppose they had sixteen daughters, like a half-pay officer I once met on board a steam-packet?"

"That would spoil it certainly," said Mrs. Markham; "but let us hope they have not. When I knew them they had only two children, a boy and a girl, called Charles and Emily; two of the prettiest creatures I ever beheld."

As my friend thought it rather early for a visit, we had remained chattering in this way for more than hour, sometimes seated on a tomb stone, or a fallen column; sometimes peering amongst the carved fragments that were scattered about the ground, and sometimes looking over the hedge into the little garden, the wicket of which was immediately behind the tower. The weather being warm, most of the windows of the vicarage were open and the blinds were all down; we had not yet seen a soul stirring, and were just wondering whether we might venture to present ourselves at the door, when a strain of distant music struck upon our ears. "Hark!" I said, "how exquisite! It was the only thing wanting to complete the charm."

"It's a military band, I think," said Mrs. Markham; "you know we passed some barracks before we reached the inn."

Nearer and nearer drew the sound, solemn and slow; the band was evidently approaching by the green lane that skirted the fields we had come by. "Hush," said I, laying my hand on my friend's arm, with a strange sinking of the heart; "they are playing the Dead March in Saul! Don't you hear the muffled drums? It's a funeral, but where's the grave?"

"There!" said she, pointing to a spot close under the hedge where some earth had been thrown up; but the aperture was covered with a plank, probably to prevent accidents.

There are few ceremonies in life at once so touching, so impressive, so sad, and yet so beautiful as a soldier's funeral. Ordinary funerals with their unwieldy hearses and feathers, and the absurd-looking mutes, and the "inky cloaks" and weepers, of hired mourners, always seem to me like a mockery of the dead; the appointments border so closely on the grotesque; they are so little in keeping with the true, the only view of death that can render life endurable! There is such a tone of exaggerated, forced, heavy, over-acted gravity about the whole thing, that one had need to have a deep personal interest involved in the scene, to be able to shut one's eyes to the burlesque side of it. But a military funeral, how different! There you see death in life and life in death! There is nothing overstrained, nothing overdone. At once simple and solemn, decent and decorous, consoling, yet sad. The chief mourners, at least, are generally true mourners, for they have lost a brother with whom "they sat but yesterday at meat;" and whilst they are comparing memories, recalling how merry they had many a day been together, and the solemn tones of that sublime music float upon the air, we can imagine the freed and satisfied soul wafted on these harmonious breathings to its Heavenly home; and our hearts are melted, our imaginations exalted, our faith invigorated, and we come away the better for what we have seen.

I believe some such reflections as those were passing through our minds, for we both remained silent and listening, till the swinging to of the little wicket, which communicated with the garden, aroused us; but nobody appeared, and the tower being at the moment betwixt us and it, we could not see who had entered. Almost at the same moment, a man came in from a gate on the opposite side, and advancing to where the earth was thrown up, lifted the plank and discovered the newly-made grave. He was soon followed by some boys, and several respectable-looking persons came into the enclosure, whilst nearer and nearer drew the sound of the muffled drums, and now we descried the firing party and their officer, who led the procession with their arms reversed, each man wearing above the elbow a piece of black crape and a small bow of white satin ribbon; the band still playing that solemn strain. Then came the coffin, borne by six soldiers. Six officers bore up the pall, all quite young men; and on the coffin lay the shako, sword, side-belt, and white gloves of the deceased. A long train of mourners marched two and two, in open file, the privates first, the officers last. Sorrow was imprinted on every face; there was no unseemly chattering, no wandering eyes; if a word was exchanged, it was in a whisper, and the sad shake of the head showed of whom they were discoursing. All this we observed as they marched through the lane that skirted one side of the church-yard. As they neared the gate the band ceased to play.

"See there," said Mrs. Markham, directing my attention to the cottage, "there comes Mr. Lovell. Oh, how he is changed!"

And whilst she spoke, the clergyman, entering by the wicket, advanced to meet the procession at the gate, where he commenced reading the funeral service, as he moved backwards towards the grave, round which the firing party, leaning on their firelocks, now formed. Then came those awful words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," the hollow sound of the earth upon the coffin, and three vollies fired over the grave, finished the solemn ceremony.

When the procession entered the church-yard, we had retired behind the broken walls of the chancel, whence, without being observed, we had watched the whole scene with intense interest. Just as the words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!" were pronounced, I happened to raise my eyes towards the gray tower and then, peering through one of the slits, I saw the face of a man,—such a face! Never, to my latest day, can I forget the expression of those features! If ever there was despair and anguish written on a human countenance, it was there! And yet so young! so beautiful! A cold chill ran through my veins as I pressed Mrs. Markham's arm.

"Look up at the tower!" I whispered.

"My God! What can it be?" she answered, turning quite pale. "And Mr. Lovell—did you observe how his voice shook? At first I thought it was illness; but he seems bowed down with grief. Every face looks awe-struck! There must be some tragedy here—something more than the death of an individual!"

And fearing, under this impression, that our visit might prove untimely, we resolved to return to the inn, and endeavor to discover if anything unusual had really occurred. Before we moved, I looked up at the narrow slit—the face was no longer there; but as we passed round to the other side of the tower, we saw a tall, slender figure, attired in a loose coat, pass slowly through the wicket, cross the garden and enter the house. We only caught a glimpse at the profile; the head hung down upon the breast; the eyes were bent upon the ground; but we knew it was the same face we had seen above.

We went back to the inn, where our inquiries elicited some information, which made us wish to know more; but it was not till we went into the town that we obtained the following details of this mournful drama, of which we had thus accidentally witnessed one impressive scene.

Mr. Lovell, as Mrs. Markham had conjectured, was a man of good family, but no fortune; he might have had a large one, could he have made up his mind to marry Lady Elizabeth Wentworth, the bride selected for him by a wealthy uncle, who proposed to make him his heir; but preferring poverty with Emily Dering, he was disinherited. He never repented his choice, although he remained vicar of a small parish, and a poor man, all his life. The two children whom Mrs. Markham had seen, were the only ones they had, and through the excellent management of Mrs. Lovell, and the moderation of her husband's desires, they had enjoyed an unusual degree of happiness in this sort of graceful poverty, till the young Charles and Emily were grown up, and it was time to think what was to be done with them. The son had been prepared for Oxford by the father; and the daughter, under the tuition of her mother, was remarkably well educated and accomplished; but it became necessary to consider the future; Charles must be sent to college, since the only chance of finding a provision for him was in the Church, although the expense of maintaining him there could be ill afforded; so, in order in some degree to balance the outlay, it was, after much deliberation, agreed that Emily should accept a situation as governess in London. The proposal was made by herself, and the rather consented to, that in case of the death of her parents, she would almost inevitably have had to seek some such means of subsistence. These partings were the first sorrows that had reached the Lovells.

At first, all went well; Charles was not wanting in ability, nor, in a moderate degree, of application; and Emily wrote cheerily of her new life. She was kindly received, well treated, and associated with the family on the footing of a friend. Neither did further experience seem to diminish her satisfaction. She saw a great many gay people—some of whom she named;—and, amongst the rest, there not unfrequently appeared the name of Herbert. Mr. Herbert was in the army, and being a distant connexion of the family with whom she resided, was a frequent visitor at their house. "She was sure papa and mamma would like him." Once the mother smiled, and said she hoped Emily was not falling in love; but no more was thought of it. In the meantime Charles had found out that there was time for many things at Oxford, besides study. He was naturally fond of society, and had a remarkable capacity for excelling in all kinds of games. He was agreeable, lively, exceedingly handsome, and sang charmingly, having been trained in part-singing by his mother. No young man at Oxford was more *fêté*; but, alas! he was very poor, and poverty poisoned all his enjoyments. For some time he resisted temptation; but after a terrible struggle—for he adored his family—he gave way, and ran in debt, and although the imprudence only augmented his misery, he had not resolution to retrace his steps, but advanced further in this broad road to ruin, so that he had come home for the vacation, shortly before our visit to T——, threatened with all manner of annoyances, if he did not carry back a sufficient sum to satisfy his most clamorous creditors. He had assured them he would do so, but where was he to get the money? Certainly not from his parents; he well knew they had it not; nor had he a friend in the world from whom he could hope for assistance in such an emergency. In his despair he often thought of running away—going to Australia, America, New Zealand, anywhere—but he had not even the means to do this. He suffered indescribable tortures, and saw no hope of relief.

It was just at this period that Herbert's regiment happened to be quartered at T——. Charles had occasionally seen his name in his sister's letters, and heard that there was a Herbert now in the barracks, but he was ignorant whether or not it was the same person—and when he accidentally fell into the society of some of the junior officers, and was invited by Herbert himself to dine at the mess, pride prevented his ascertaining the fact. He did not wish to betray that his sister was a governess. Herbert, however, knew full well that their visitor was the brother of Emily Lovell, but partly for reasons of his own, and partly because he penetrated the weakness of the other, he abstained from mentioning her name.

Now, this town of T—— was, and probably is, about the dullest quarter in all England!—The officers hated it, there was no flirting, no dancing, no anything. Not a man of them knew what to do with himself. The old ones wandered about and played at whist, the young ones took to hazard and three-card-loo, playing at first for moderate stakes, but soon getting on to high ones. Two or three civilians of the neighborhood joined the party, Charles Lovell amongst the rest. Had they begun with playing high, he would have been excluded for want of funds; but whilst they played low, he won, so that when they increased the stakes, trusting to a continuance of his good fortune, he was eager to go on with them. Neither did his luck altogether desert him; on the whole, he rather won than lost; but he foresaw that one bad night would break him, and he should be obliged to retire, forfeiting his amusement and mortifying his pride. It was just at this crisis, that, one night, an accident, which caused him to win a considerable sum, set him upon the notion of turning chance into certainty. Whilst shuffling the cards, he dropped the ace of spades into his lap, caught it up, replaced it in the pack, and dealt it to himself. No one else had seen the card, no observation was made, and a terrible thought came into his head!

Whether loo or hazard was played, Charles Lovell had, night after night, a most extraordinary run of luck. He won large sums, and saw before him the early prospect of paying his debts and clearing all his difficulties.

Amongst the young men who had played at the table, some had plenty of money and cared little for their losses; but others were not so well off, and one of these was Edward Herbert. He, too, was the son of poor parents who had straightened themselves to put him in the army, and it was with infinite difficulty and privation that his widowed mother had amassed the needful sum to purchase for him a company, which was now becoming vacant. The retiring officer's papers were already sent in, and Herbert's money was lodged at Cox and Greenwood's; but before the answer from the Horse-Guards, arrived, he had lost every sixpence. Nearly the whole sum had become the property of Charles Lovell.

Herbert was a fine young man, honorable, generous, impetuous, and endowed with an acute sense of shame. He determined instantly to pay the debts, but he knew that his own prospects were ruined for life; he wrote to the agents to send him the money and withdraw his name from the list of purchasers. But how was he to support his mother's grief? How meet the eye of the girl he loved!—she, who he knew adored him, and whose hand it was agreed between them he should ask of her parents as soon as he was gazetted a captain! The anguish of mind he suffered then threw him into a fever, and he lay several days betwixt life and death, and happily unconscious of his misery.

Meantime, another scene was being enacted elsewhere. The officers, who night after night found themselves losers, had not for some time entertained the least idea of foul play; but, at length, one of them observing something suspicious, began to watch, and satisfied himself of a peculiar method adopted by Lovell in "throwing his mains," that he was the culprit. The suspicions were whispered from one to another, till they nearly all entertained them, with the exception of Herbert, who, being looked upon as Lovell's most especial friend, was not told. So unwilling were these young men to blacken, however, the character of the visitor whom they had so much liked, and to strike a fatal blow at the happiness and respectability of his family, that they were hesitating how to proceed, whether to openly accuse him or privately reprove and expel him, when Herbert's heavy loss decided the question.

Herbert himself, overwhelmed with despair, had quitted the room; the rest were still seated around the table; when having given each other a signal, one of them, called Frank Houston, arose and said: "Gentlemen, it gives me great pain to have to call your attention to a very strange—a very distressing circumstance. For some time past there has been an extraordinary run of luck in one direction—we have all observed it—all remarked on it. Mr. Herbert has at this moment retired a heavy loser. There is, indeed, as far as I know, but one winner amongst us—but one, and he a winner to a very considerable amount; the rest all losers. God forbid that I should rashly accuse any man! lightly impugn any man's character! But I am bound to say, that I fear the money we have lost has not been fairly won. There has been foul play! I forbear to name the party—the facts sufficiently indicate him."

Who would not have pitied Lovell, when, livid with horror and conscious guilt, he vainly tried to say something? "Indeed—I assure you—I never"—but words would not come; he faltered and rushed out of the room in a transport of agony. They did pity him; and when he was gone, agreed amongst themselves to hush up the affair; but unfortunately, the civilians of the party, who had not been let into the secret, took up his defence. They not only believed the accusation unfounded, but felt it as an affront offered to their townsman; they blustered about it a good deal, and there was nothing left for it but to appoint a committee of investigation.—Alas! the evidence was overwhelming! It turned out that the dice and cards had been supplied by Lovell. The former, still on the table, were found on examination to be loaded. In fact, he had had a pair as a curiosity long in his possession, and had obtained others from a disreputable character at Oxford. No doubt remained of his guilt.

All this while Herbert had been too ill to be addressed on the subject; but symptoms of recovery were now beginning to appear; and as nobody was aware that he had any particular interest in the Lovell family, the affair was communicated to him. At first he refused to believe in his friend's guilt, and became violently irritated. His informants assured him they would be too happy to find they were mistaken, but that since the inquiry no hope of such an issue remained; and he sank into a gloomy silence.

On the following morning, when his servant came to his room-door, he found it locked.—When, at the desire of the surgeon, it was broken open, Herbert was found a corpse, and a discharged pistol lying beside him. An inquest sat upon the body, and the verdict brought in was *Temporary Insanity*. There never was one more just.

Preparations were now made for the funeral—that funeral which we had witnessed; but before the day appointed for it arrived, another chapter of this sad story was unfolded.

When Charles left the barracks on that fatal night, instead of going home, he passed the dark hours in wandering wildly about the country; but when morning dawned, fearing the eye of man, he returned to the vicarage, and slunk unobserved to his chamber. When he did not appear at breakfast, his mother sought him in his room, where she found him in bed. He said he was very ill—and so, indeed, he was—and begged to be left alone; but as he was no better on the following day, she insisted on sending for medical advice. The doctor found him with all those physical symptoms that are apt to supervene from great anxiety of mind; and saying he could get no sleep, Charles requested to have some laudanum; but the physician was on his guard, for although the parties concerned wished to keep the thing private, some rumors had got abroad that awakened his caution.

The parents, meanwhile, had not the slightest anticipation of the thunderbolt that was about to fall upon them. They lived a very retired life, were acquainted with none of the officers—and they were even ignorant of the amount of their son's intimacy with the regiment. Thus, when news of Herbert's lamentable death reached them, the mother said to her son: "Charles, did you know a young man in the barracks called Herbert; a lieutenant, I believe? By-the-bye, I hope it's not Emily's Mr. Herbert."

"Did I know him?" said Charles, turning suddenly towards her; for, under pretence that the light annoyed him, he always lay with his face to the wall. "Why do you ask, mother?"

"Because he's dead. He had a fever, and—"

"Herbert dead!" cried Charles, suddenly sitting up in the bed.

"Yes, he had a fever, and it is supposed he was delirious, for he blew out his brains; there is a report that he had been playing high, and lost a great deal of money. What's the matter, dear? Oh, Charles, I shouldn't have told you! I was not aware that you knew him!"

"Fetch my father here; and, mother, you come back with him!" said Charles, speaking with a strange sternness of tone, and wildly motioning her out of the room.

When the parents came, he bade them sit down beside him; and then, with a degree of remorse and anguish that no words could portray, he told them all; whilst they, with blanched cheeks and fainting hearts, listened to the dire confession.

"And here I am," he exclaimed, as he ended, "a cowardly scoundrel, that has not dared to die! Oh, Herbert! happy, happy Herbert!—Would I were with you!"

At that moment the door opened, and a beautiful, bright, smiling, joyous face peeped in. It was Emily Lovell, the beloved daughter, the adored sister, arrived from London, in compliance with a letter received a few days previously from Herbert, wherein he had told her that by the time she received it, he would be a captain. She had come to introduce him to her parents as her affianced husband. She feared no refusal; well she knew how rejoiced they would be to see her the wife of so kind and honorable a man. But they were ignorant of all this, and in the fullness of their agony, the cup of woe ran over, and she drank of the draught! They told her all before she had been five minutes in the room. How else could they account for their tears, their confusion, their bewilderment, their despair!

Before Herbert's funeral took place, Emily Lovell was lying betwixt life and death in a brain fever. Under the influence of a feeling easily to be comprehended, thirsting for a self-imposed torture, that by its very poignancy should relieve the dead weight of wretchedness that lay upon his breast, Charles crept from his bed, and slipping on a loose coat that hung in his room, he stole across the garden to the tower, whence through the arrow-slit, he witnessed the burial of his sister's lover, whom he had hastened to the grave.

Here terminates our sad story. We left T—— on the following morning, and it was two or three years before any further intelligence of the Lovell family reached us. All we then heard was, that Charles had gone, a self condemned exile, to Australia; and that Emily had insisted on accompanying him thither.

For Parents.

FROM THE LADY'S BOOK.

TREATMENT OF CHILDREN.

BY LEWIS GAYLORD CLARKE.

Grown people should have more faith in, and more appreciation of, the statements and feelings of children. When I read, some months since, in a telegraphic dispatch to one of our morning journals, from Baltimore, if I remember rightly, of a mother who, in punishing a little boy for telling a lie—which, after all, it subsequently transpired that he did *not* tell—hit him with a slight switch over his temple, and killed him instantly—a mere *accident*, of course, but yet a dreadful casualty, which drove reason from the throne of the unhappy mother—when I read this, I thought of what had occurred in my own sanctum only a week or two before; and the lesson which I received was a good one, and will remain with me.

My little boy, a dark-eyed, ingenuous, and frank-hearted child as ever breathed—though, perhaps, "I say it who ought not to say it"—still, I do say it—had been playing about my table, on leaving which for a moment, I found, on my return that my long porcupine-quill-handled pen was gone. I asked the little fellow what he had done with it. He answered at once that he had not seen it. After a renewed search for it, I charged him, in the face of his declaration, with having taken and mislaid or lost it. He looked me earnestly in the face, and said—

"No, I didn't take it, father."

I then took him in my lap, enlarged upon the heinousness of telling an untruth, told him that I did not care so much about the pen, and, in short, by the manner in which I reasoned with him, almost offered him a reward for confession—the reward, be it understood (a dear one to him), of standing firm in his father's love and regard. The tears had welled up into his eyes, and he seemed about to "tell me the whole truth," when my eye caught the end of the pen, protruding from a portfolio, where I myself had placed it, in returning a sheet of manuscript to an envelope. All this may seem a mere trifle to you—and perhaps it is—yet I shall remember it for a long time.

But I desire now to narrate to you a circumstance which happened in the family of a friend and correspondent of mine in the city of Boston, some ten years ago, the history of which will commend itself to the heart of every father and mother who has any sympathy with, or affection for their children. That it is entirely true, you may well be assured. I was convinced of this when I opened the letter from L. H. B——, which announced it, and in the detail of the event which was subsequently furnished me.

A few weeks before he wrote he had buried his eldest son, a fine, manly little fellow, of some eight years of age, who had never, he said, known a day's illness until that which finally removed him hence to be here no more. His death occurred under circumstances which were peculiarly painful to his parents. A younger brother, a delicate, sickly child from its birth, the next in age to him, had been down for nearly a fortnight with an epidemic fever. In consequence of the nature of the disease, every precaution had been adopted that prudence suggested to guard the other members of the family against it. But of this one, the father's eldest, he said he had little to fear, so rugged was he, and so generally healthy. Still, however, he kept a vigilant eye upon him, and especially forbade his going into the pools and docks near his school, which it was his custom sometimes to visit—for he was *but* a boy, and "boys *will* be boys," and we ought more frequently to think that it is their *nature* to be. Of all unnatural things, a reproach almost to childish frankness and innocence, save me from a "*boy-man*!"—But to the story.

One evening this unhappy father came home, wearied with a long day's hard labor, and vexed at some little disappointment which had soured his naturally kind disposition, and rendered him peculiarly susceptible to the smallest annoyance. While he was sitting by the fire in this unhappy mood of mind, his wife entered the apartment, and said:

"Henry has just come in, and he is a perfect fright; he is covered from head to foot with dock mud, and is as wet as a drowned rat."

"Where is he?" asked the father, sternly.

"He is shivering over the kitchen fire. He was afraid to come up here, when the girl told him you had come home."

"Tell Jane to tell him to come here this instant," was the brief reply to this information.

Presently the poor boy entered, half-perished with affright and cold. His father glanced at his sad plight, reproached him bitterly with his disobedience, spoke of the punishment which awaited him in the morning as the penalty for his offence, and, in a harsh voice, concluded with—

"Now, sir, go to your bed!"

"But, father," said the little fellow, "I want to tell you—"

"Not a word, sir; *go to bed!*"

"I only want to say, father, that—"

With a peremptory stamp, an imperative wave of his hand toward the door, and a frown upon his brow, did that father, without other speech, again close the door of explanation or expostulation.

When his boy had gone supperless and sad to his bed, the father sat restless and uneasy while supper was being prepared—and, at tea-table, ate but little. His wife saw the real cause or the additional cause of his emotion, and interposed the remark—

"I think, my dear, you ought at least to have heard what Henry had to say. My heart ached for him when he turned away, with his eyes full of tears. Henry is a good boy, after all, if he *does* sometimes do wrong. He is a tender-hearted, affectionate boy. He always was."

And therewithal the water stood in the eyes of that forgiving mother, even as it stood in the eyes of Mercy, in "the house of the interpreter," as recorded by Bunyan.

After tea, the evening paper was taken up;—but there was no news, and nothing of interest for that father, in the journal that evening. He sat for some time in an evidently painful revery, and then rose and repaired to his bed-chamber. As he passed the bed-room where his little boy slept, he thought he would look in upon him before retiring to rest. He crept to his low cot and bent over him. A big tear had stolen down the boy's cheek, and rested upon it; but he was sleeping calmly and sweetly. The father deeply regretted his harshness as he gazed upon his son—he felt also the "sense of duty;" yet in the night, talking the matter over with the lad's mother, he resolved and promised, instead of punishing, as he had threatened, to make amends to the boy's aggrieved spirit in the morning, for the manner in which he had repelled all explanation of his offence.

But that morning never came to that poor child in health. He awoke the next morning with a raging fever on his brain, and wild with delirium. In 48 hours he was in his shroud. He knew neither his father nor his mother, when they were first called to his bed-side, nor at any moment afterward. Waiting, watching for one token of recognition, hour after hour, in speechless agony, did that unhappy father bend over the couch of his dying son. Once, indeed, he thought he saw a smile of recognition light up his dying eye, and he leaned eagerly forward, for he would have given worlds to have whispered one kind word in his ear, and have been answered; but that gleam of apparent intelligence passed quickly away, and was succeeded by the cold, unmeaning glare, and the wild tossing of the fevered limbs, which lasted until death came to his relief.

Two days afterward the undertaker came with the little coffin, and his son, a playmate of the deceased boy, bringing the two low stools on which it was to stand in the entry-hall.

"I was with Henry," said the lad, "when he got into the water. We were playing down at the Long Wharf, Henry, and Charles Munford, and I; and the tide was out very low; and there was a beam run out from the wharf; and Charles went out on it to get a [illegible] hook that hung over where it was very deep; and the first thing we saw, he had slipped off, and was struggling in the water! Henry threw off his cap, and jumped clear from the wharf into the water, and, after a great deal of hard work, got Charles out; and they waded up through the mud to where the wharf was not so wet and slippery; and then I helped them to climb up the side.—Charles made Henry promise not to say anything about it, for his father had told him never to let him go near the wharf again. Henry was very sorry; and all the way going home, he kept saying—'What will father say, when he sees me tonight? I wish we had not gone to the wharf!'"

"Dear, brave boy!" exclaimed the bereaved father; "and this was the explanation which I cruelly refused to hear!" and hot and bitter tears rolled down his cheeks.

Yes, that stern father now learned, and for the first time, that what he had treated with unmerited severity as a fault, was but the impulse of a generous nature, which, forgetful of self, had hazarded life for another. It was but the quick prompting of that manly spirit which he himself had always endeavored to graft upon his susceptible mind, and which, young as he was, had already manifested itself on more than one occasion.

Let me close this story in the very words of its narrator, that its lesson may sink deep into the heart of every parent who shall peruse this sketch:

"Everything that I now see that ever belonged to him, reminds me of my lost boy. Yesterday I found some rude pencil sketches which it was his delight to make for the amusement of his younger brother. To-day, in rummaging an old closet, I came across his boots, still covered with dock mud, as when he last wore them.—(You may think it strange, but that which is usually so unsightly an object, is now 'most precious' to me.) And every morning and evening I pass the ground where my son's voice rang [illegible].

"All these things speak to me vividly of his active life; but I cannot—though I have often tried—I cannot recall any other expression of his face than that mute, mournful [illegible], which he turned from me on the night I so harshly repulsed him. Then my heart bleeds afresh!

"Oh, [illegible] all be that, in [illegible] those little beings [illegible] we are not laying up for ourselves the sources of many a bitter tear! [illegible] that, neither

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1850.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS.

Besides "THE TWO BRIDES," by T. S. Arthur, which we are now engaged in publishing, we shall publish, in the course of the coming months, "THE BELLE OF THE SPRINGS," by Mrs. Hentz, author of "The Mob Cap," "Linda," &c.; "THE BATHOURSTS," by Miss Leslie; "THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING," by Mrs. Southworth, author of "The Deserted Wife," &c., &c.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 one copy is sent three years.

In order to accommodate that large number of persons who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they cannot afford it, we continue the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and, in the country, to one Post-Office.

4 Copies,	- - -	$5 00 Per Annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00	"
13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00	"
20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00	"

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Amanda's "Impromptu," would do better for music, (the fashionable kind, in which the words cannot be distinguished,) than for publication in the Post.

Theophilus Modesty would do well to publish his MSS stories in book-form, for the benefit of laughter-loving people. We hardly think "The Death of the Beautiful," (though rather *Poe*-tic,) is good enough for our columns.

Miss P. A. H. will never eclipse the fame of Sappho in the poetic line. She needs several quarters more schooling.

H. J. L. will find his Charade in the Post very soon.

B. F. J.'s "Acrostical Enigma" is too long. Short articles of this sort, if good, please us better. But, as we have numerous contributions of the kind, the writers must patiently wait their turn.

IMPOSTORS.

We have received information that persons calling themselves *J. P. Wells* and *J. J. Bennett*, have been soliciting subscriptions for this paper in the State of Connecticut. *They are not our agents.*

THE ASPECT OF EUROPE.

Patch not ancient lies with new!
Moths will seek their old abode.
Build on sand a marble road,
And 'twill sink its basis through;
Rivets in a rotten shield
Will but make it sooner yield!

Europe presents, at the present time, a curious, though, to the thoughtful mind, an alarming spectacle. It is true that all is apparently quiet, and that the billows of late tumults are now almost stagnant in their repose. It is true, likewise, that absolutism in Government affairs has resumed its ascendancy, and that, not apparently, but *de facto*, the monarchs of the Continent are more powerful than ever. We believe, in truth, that the Republican spirit is smothered, stifled; that Democracy has no longer a name, and that a popular revolution is, for the present, impossible. Kings are firm upon their thrones, the purple is more sacred than ever, and the "right divine" regains its prestige.

But, must we therefore despair of European liberty? Are the blood and suffering of patriots to be as feathers in the scale against royalty?—Was the upheaving of Europe's masses nothing but a mistake—a huge, unnatural blunder—crushed by its own weight—expunged from memory by its own hideous unshapeliness? Was Freedom's struggle a lie, unmeaning and objectless? From the atheistic scoffer, and perhaps from the despairing victim of tyranny, will respond a dismal affirmative to these questions; but neither atheist nor unbeliever has received the true testament of the last three years. Revolutions recede not. A cannon-ball, said Lamartine, having struck a wall, will rebound—but nevertheless it *has struck*, and the wall is surely not stronger from the concussion. The last three years have been a cannonade against the ramparts of the old *regime*; towers have been levelled, breaches made, and half the outworks carried; and now liberty has rebounded, democracy has fallen back, and is quiescent. It has done its work.

Europe was no more prepared for liberty than is a blind man, whose eyes have been lanced, prepared for the full effulgence of the noonday sun. True, she was crushed, staggering under the weight of despotism clinging to her, as the Old Man of the Sea fastened on the shoulders of Sinbad. She suffered, and she rose, spasmodically, to cast off her incubus. How, save by violence and rebellion, was she to unseat her tyrants? How, save by a tremendous exertion of popular power, could she *impress* her despots with the *fact* that she suffered? It was not Liberty's self that blazed on the hill-tops of Germany. It was the light of the Star in the East, heralding its birth into the world. She was born, and her advent was worshipped by a few sages of the earth; but then came Herod-like despotism to murder the young child. But was he slain? No! he has fled into Egypt, there to remain till the accepted hour. And in *the meantime*, Herod reigns.

Liberty was *born* in Europe, when, throughout her borders, the masses rose and displayed their power, shaking the solid earth with their tread, and dissipating the gloom of ages with the light of their awakened eyes. This grand *rising*, this awful *exhibition* of popular strength, was the appropriate first weapon of their cause. It was enough, and let Herod now reign. European liberty is yet a child in Egypt, but he is growing in stature and in wisdom, and will return at length with the new gospel of brotherhood.

And now, because the struggle is over, the kingly estate is at rest. The monarchs remember the people, and, fearing them, they will give them reforms. They will do this as monarchs always do—not by radical improvement, but by palliatives. They will patch the old lying charters with new lies. They will build a grand royal road once more, and forget that they build on sand. They will repair their ancient, worm-eaten arms with new rivets, forged by the people; and the end will be their own destruction. Yet, in the interim, the monarchs of Europe will have learned much of which before they were ignorant. They now know the might of the people, and dread it. Absolutism may, and will return, but tyranny never. Henceforth wars will be for conquest and propagandism. Europe promises to be the great battle-field where, on one side will range semi-barbaric despotism, and on the other Constitutional monarchy; and until one of these is triumphant, democratic liberty must remain in abeyance. The march of progress in the old world cannot overleap its natural gradations. Men cannot arise from the dust of serfdom and at once become legislators. They must be curbed, and reined in by strong hands, until the time of freedom's coming. And when that time arrives, kings may, perhaps, of their own accord, lay aside the purple and descend into the forum.

ENGRAVINGS.

We have received from Mr. Godey, presentation copies of several engravings designed for his book—beautifully engraved illustrations of The Lord's Prayer and The Crucifixion, and an engraving called "The Four Eras in Life."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1848.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,

Are now executing, Pamphlets, Blank Books, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printer with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

New Publications.

SERIALS.

We have received from George S. Appleton, No. 11 of the Dictionary of Mechanics, edited by Oliver Byrne.

From Lindsay & Blakiston, we have Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution, No. 7—Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. A very elegant work it promises to be. The engravings, especially, are good.

The Literary Union, published at Syracuse, New York, is the new series now before us in a different interest. It is well conducted by its editors, Whitcomb and Johnston.

Harper's New Monthly Magazine is received, through Lindsay & Blakiston. The first number contains one hundred and forty-four pages, and consists of selections from various foreign periodicals and authors. Among the articles in Dickens's "Household Words," are here republished. A Supplement of Music of the times, and a Table of Current Events of the month, are also given, concluding with several fashion-plates on wood.

Brandreth's Dramatic Weekly, (Boston Dramatic Publishing Office, Adams, Sampson & Co.) is received from the publishers.

Littell's Living Age comes to us via Getz & Nevin. The last two weekly numbers contain a fine miscellany.

Little-Day Periodical. Edited by Thomas Chilcote. No. V. Henry Ogston. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, fifteen cents.

One cannot help being arrested by Carlyle's strange, but genuine language, in "Model Prisons," (as many paragraphs which we might cordially commend for study to the reader of our merchies. We quote below a couple of the most pregnant:

PARLIAMENTS.

The practice of modern Parliaments, with reporters sitting among them, and printing their millions mostly fools, listening to them, like me with astonishment. In regard to the House of Lords we shall and Nature hate make it, can you get so much as a thought out of any human assembly, —even so far as, on the said honorable head, of all their capacity? I thought, when the Reporter gentleman's words thought as he would have spoken them, he would have done a feat. Not one word of any such thought will you find upon that hundredth, post deep cask couture, vainly congestive as does concourse of human creatures. Not a word at what he is led to say. And again, for in the case of what he has himself actually said, publishes beyond all doubt could ever think—has the Thought of Belief dwelling in him? Belief of the Fact, the thing you are to quarrel of, and must be done with? Even him, the honorable gentleman's, actual bewildered, famished, vague surprise or astonishment, you will see more of that you; but only some blended copy of that, such as he could get by hearing and reporting, and not by speaking of such books. And upon that latter you are to observe that he has not been led to expect! That is the Question, you are to take for the Thought of the Eternal Mind—that Thought and Reality of a Bewildered Creature from one who is false even as a Shecklewell.

TO LITERARY ASPIRANTS.

Talent! Yes, no doubt, there is much talent! Believe it, you are to believe it! To speak, to write, to work, Nature did not grant you that power; but to speak and write well! And there lies the rub. Not to speak or write, but to speak and write well! Not to speak or write, but upon that latter you are to study and labor, and toil and moil! That is the Question, you are to take for the Thought of the Eternal Mind—that Thought and Reality of a Bewildered Creature from one who is false even as a Shecklewell.

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Notice from Notaries and Traders in Mercantile Affairs, and Public in the Neighborhood of Philadelphia.

Books on the East have been much read of late, and we have thought it best to publish a text books on the subject to which Mr. Fletcher's work is the standard. It contains the experience of a two years' sojourn on the Plains of Assyria, and contains and explanations from Nineveh of the remarkable parts of the Bible to which marks the seat of ancient dynasties, is copied in many interesting forms. The style is exceedingly pleasing, and should alone give the book popularity with the public. Numerous plates are embodied among the story-telling experiences of the author. The following anecdote will serve as a specimen of the author's style:

A certain merchant left in his last testament directions that his daughter should marry the man according to the following proportions. He was to receive one-third, the man-chant, and the youngest a comb-post of the whole. But the lawyers found it so strange and unusual that it was found that, to comply with the terms of the will, would be impossible. Now, as to the animals, was impossible. Pleased in the extreme, the man, on the one hand, the man, on the other hand, assured that such a difficult question was requisite to be solved, and that he would remain there to return after two days.

"Well, my friend," said the latter gentleman, "have you solved it?"

"I have considered carefully your case, and I had that I had to approach a certain man of my own horses among you, or will give each their due share, and yet not one of the sex shall be injured. Are you content?"

"We are, sir," said they both.

"Bring forth the seventeen horses, and in the presence of this court," said the judge.

The animals were brought, and the judge rode his own horse among them, and added it to them. He bade the eldest brother count the horses.

"They are eighteen in number, sir, Judge!" he said.

"I will now make division," continued he, "and to the eldest, as eldest, entitled to half the number, I award nine horses. To the second son, as to receive one-third, take, therefore, and which is one-third of eighteen, six horses. To the youngest, as receive one-ninth, take, therefore, and which is one-ninth of eighteen, two. Thus, the seventeen horses are disposed among you, and one horse more than your share, and I may now take my own animal back again."

"Marvellous!" exclaimed the brothers, with delight, "oh, really, your wisdom equals that of our Lord Solomon the Great!"

Tait Pollard or Hercules; or, A Mystery of Lovell's Square. By Percy B. St. John. No. IV. Price 12½ cents. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. London: D. Bogue.

A commendable and analytic book for contraries. The author is doubtless a man of extensive reading, and many of his observations are sound. In particular, we noticed some excellent remarks on the English system of primary school and storing grass, as distinguished from that of the United States. We commend the work in parts to the use of clergy, as prepared in the due rudest proof, much as one among the Homeliness among others, the Quarterly Review, and the Times. Without distinctive and washed brasses, their best remarks are lost in the court," and that is the reason of the thinking, better exhibit the quality of the same thing, than the "Life of Fillies of Hercules" will amply repay perusal.

The Lost Boy.—A Legend of Independence Times. By a Lady. Philadelphia: George F. Appleton.

A most American novel possesses not the rarity that it did some years ago, but it is still a very unquestionably dear. We are of the number of those who delight to entertainment, and to a certain, as well as good passion, etc., can be written by the Atlantic authors, and we hope are long that these shall be numerous. The author has a appearance of the multitudes of brought and native world books of the day, and we hope that he has time to read the work before us, which appears to us sterling talent and strong and sentiments, though, from a hasty look, we discover much that is unique and beautiful in language and sentiment.

Tom Moseley, Engineer and Backwoodsman. By Thomas Chilcote. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. No. 6. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

We find, in this number, an article on "Steam," the subject of speculating the streets, and mooring movements, is considered in relation to locality. Strong ground is taken against these practices, and many facts given to prove, that where the human system is capable of enduring a very high degree of dry heat, it is, on the other hand, peculiarly susceptible of injury from excessive moisture and heat united. We recommend a consideration of this subject to those interested in the health of our city.

General History of the World, from the Creation to the Present Time, 1848. By Cesar Malan. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1848.

Sketch-Book: Authors, Bodger, Bell, Brown, Bunker, Burke, Carey, Chauncey, Davis, Dickens, Duganne, Dodge of Iowa, Dodge of Ohio, Dorsey, Dunlap, Durivage, Ellet, Embury, Fay, Forrest, Mrs. Gilman, Frost, Hall, Hoffman, Hooper, Hunt, Hutchinson, Inman, Irving, Jones, Kennedy, Kirkland, Lee, Lippard, Longfellow, Mackay, Mathews, Morris, Morton, Percival, Pierpont, Pinkney, Poe, Read, Robertson, Sands, Simpson, Tuckerman, Tyler, Walker, Wallace, Wetherbee, Whipple, Wilkins, Willis, Wilson, Woodworth, Wyatt, Yeamans, Young. Boston: Bradbury, Soden & Co. Cincinnati: Applegate & Co. Philadelphia: Dobson, Barrington, Bradley, Gardner, Hart, Hazard, Hogan, Lea, Peterson, Porter, Rutter, Simpson, Stavely, Stockton, Thomas, Turner, Underwood.

The question was then taken on Jefferson the Territorial Legislature which proposes to permit the introduction of slaves for the protection of property of every kind—and has been decided in the negative by a vote of 19 to 17.

Yeas—Messrs. Baldwin, Bradbury, Bright, Chase, Clarke, Dayton, Fitzgerald, Foote, Hamlin, Hannegan, Jarnagin, Miller, Niles, Phelps, Pratt, Rusk, Sebastian, Spruance, Turney, Underwood.

Nays—Messrs. Atchison, Badger, Bell, Benton, Berrien, Calhoun, Cameron, Clayton, Corwin, Crittenden, Dickinson, Dix, Downs, Hale, Houston, Johnson of Maryland, Johnson of Georgia, Mangum, Mason, Morton, Pearce, Sturgeon, Upham, Webster, Wilcox.

The question then recurred on the motion of Mr. Hale to amend the section by striking out the words "prohibiting Africa," upon which the yeas and nays were called for, and the motion was lost by a vote written amend a court.

Mr. Dickinson moved to strike out the entire restriction in relation to slavery, which was rejected—Yeas 18, Nays 20, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Atchison, Badger, Bell, Benton, Berrien, Calhoun, Cameron, Clayton, Corwin, Crittenden, Dickinson, Dix, Downs, Hale, Houston, Johnson of Maryland, Johnson of Georgia, Mangum, Mason, Morton, Pearce, Pratt, Sturgeon, Upham, Webster, Wilcox.

Nays—Messrs. Baldwin, Bradbury, Bright, Chase, Clarke, Dayton, Fitzgerald, Foote, Hamlin, Hannegan, Jarnagin, Miller, Niles, Phelps, Rusk, Sebastian, Spruance, Turney, Underwood.

Mr. Hale moved to amend the section so as to read, "prohibiting slavery," instead of "prohibiting" the word "allowing." His object was to prevent the Legislature from assuming that the very strongly exists in the Territories, and legislating upon that assumption.

Messrs. Foote and Butler opposed the amendment, as going over ground already covered by the "Industrial Tissue," Wagon Co., New York, who has seen Jenny, possesses "as near an approximation to nature as any one picture." The other engravings are a tolerably good illustration of Niagara, the Lake of Como, a Paris Fashion Plate, &c. The contributors to this number are Pratt, Whipple, Lowell, Simms, Caroline Kirkland, Frank Forester, Henry Giles, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Eames, Rose Terral, Helen Irving, R. H. Stoddard, &c.

We are pleased to see that Mr. Giles, the simple intellectual, has yet engaged as a contributor; his portion of the present number is an article on "The Genius of Burns." Mr. Bryant has a poem which we shall copy in our next paper. Mr. Home also has a poem, occupying two pages, which we have not yet had time to read.

Graham's Magazine.

"Graham," for July, contains a beautiful engraving of a young Lady," which the editor of the "Industrial Times," Wagon Co., New York, who has seen Jenny, possesses "as near an approximation to nature as any one picture." The other engravings are a tolerably good illustration of Niagara, the Lake of Como, a Paris Fashion Plate, &c. The contributors to this number are Pratt, Whipple, Lowell, Simms, Caroline Kirkland, Frank Forester, Henry Giles, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Eames, Rose Terral, Helen Irving, R. H. Stoddard, &c.

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Graham's Magazine

Selected Poetry.

THE FATHER IS COMING.

BY MARY HOWITT.

The clock is on the stroke of six,
The father's work is done,
Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire,
And put the kettle on.
The wild night-wind is blowing cold,
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.

He's crossing o'er the wold apace,
He's stronger than the storm,
He does not feel the cold, not he,
His heart it is so warm;
For father's heart is stout and true,
As ever human bosom knew.

He makes all toil and hardships light,
Would all men were the same,
So ready to be pleased, so kind!
So very slow to blame!
Folks need not be unkind, austere,
For love hath readier will than fear.

And we'll do all that father likes,
His wishes are so few;
Would they were more! that every hour
Some wish of his I knew!
For sure it makes a happy day,
When I can please him any way.

I know he's coming, by this sign,
That baby's almost wild;
See how he laughs, and crows, and starts!
Heaven bless the merry child!
His father's self in face and limb,
And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark! hark! I hear his footsteps now—
He's through the garden gate;
Run, little Bess, and ope the door;
And do not let him wait;
Shout, baby, shout, and clap thy hands,
For father on the threshold stands.

Pictures of Life.

A DAY AT A SOUTHERN CAMP-MEETING.

FROM THE SOUTHERN LITERARY GAZETTE.

In sketching hastily, and in outline, the events of a day passed with Miss Bremer at camp-meeting near Charleston, we trust we shall not be thought guilty of transcending the strict rules of propriety, since our readers are all more or less interested in the movements of one whose reputation makes her rather the guest of the nation, than of the few individuals who may have the special happiness of entertaining her. If the liberty we take is not unwelcome to the accomplished lady chiefly concerned, we have no reason to apprehend the discontent of our readers.

The third person of our little party was Mrs. H., the amiable hostess of Miss Bremer; and it was upon a warm afternoon on the verge of May, that our carriage proceeded to the railroad station, where we found a long train of cars ready to depart for the camp-ground. As by far the greatest number of passengers were servants, and conveyed at very low fares, most of the cars were merely baggage wagons, fitted up with temporary seats, all of which were now crowded with negroes and mulattoes, of both sexes and all ages, every face beaming with anticipation of enjoyment at the camp-ground. Our party found comfortable seats in a first-class car, with perhaps three-score other white persons, among whom were several whose dress and manners proclaimed them to belong to the clerical order.

The journey "by rail" was nineteen miles, and occupied something over an hour. At the camp station, we found a motely crowd of whites and blacks, many of them waiting to return to the city in the cars which had just conveyed us from it. The "camp" is situated about a mile from the station, a distance which, in the somewhat oppressive warmth of the afternoon, we preferred riding to walking, although Miss Bremer, with true European love for the latter independent method of locomotion, was quite inclined to adopt it. We found a crazy old carriage, with two equally crazy old horses, and a not much less crazy old coachman, waiting the command of any who was willing to pay "seven-pence" for a ride. Our party was soon in the vehicle, and Mrs. H.'s servant, with the large basket of bodily comforts, behind it. The road to the camp was filled with pedestrians, and it required all the address of our driver to clear the way for his equipage, which he did, however, with great good humor and politeness, two unfailing characteristics of an old negro servant.

Arrived at the outskirts of the camp, we dismissed our sable "whip" and advanced into the interior. Our first care was to secure for the ladies a share of that generous hospitality which distinguishes alike "the court, the camp" of the Southern people. Nor was it a difficult task.—Apart from the fact that one of the trio had several acquaintances upon the ground, the name of our distinguished guest was an instant passport to the good will of a very courteous gentleman, to whose attentions and the unremitting kindness of his excellent wife, we were indebted for a degree of comfort, while at the camp, far beyond our expectations. In the behalf of their stranger guest, as in our own, we make this acknowledgment for their hospitality.

Miss Bremer was at once presented to several of the clergymen, and under the escort of one of them, we proceeded to explore the camp. This is more spacious than most similar grounds, in consequence of its proximity to a populous city. It is situated in the pine woods, and is flanked all around by the tents or cabins of the families who visit it annually. These are very numerous; probably there are nearly three hundred in both divisions of the camp—white and black. They are generally built of logs or planks, and are divided into two or more rooms. Some of them are roughly ceiled and floored. In the lower or negro quarter of the camp, the cabins are smaller and more crowded, to accommodate the far greater numbers of their occupants.—Many of them are constructed partially of canvas, but all are comfortable and fully sheltered from sun or storm.

After supper in the cabin of our friend, Mr. S., we all proceeded to the "stand" for public worship. This is a vast open building, in the centre of the ground, and presented to the European eyes of Miss B. a strange contrast to the cathedrals and temples of solid masonry, to which she had been accustomed. It is at least two hundred feet long, with a breadth of one-third that extent, and consists merely of a huge shingled roof, supported upon hewn posts of pine, with the whole interior open to the free winds of heaven. The whole area is covered with pine straw, and furnished with rude wooden benches. As we approached it the scene was full of interest, and, to Miss Bremer, in the highest degree novel and exciting. At intervals of thirty or forty feet, all around the building, were erected rude tables, about five feet high, which appeared like altars, especially as they were kept constantly piled with bright fires, that seemed as if consuming the sacrifice. These fires shed a strong but lurid glow upon the "forest sanctuary," and revealed without a dense mass of human beings, the lower half teeming with black and shining faces, and the upper half less crowded by the whites—the women on one side and the men on the other. In the centre of the building stood the pulpit, a square desk, with a candle at each corner; and all around this, enclosing a space several feet broad, was the railing of the altar, at which, upon the outside, knelt, at certain times, those who were convicted of sin, while upon the inside were the ministers, who prayed with them, or otherwise sought to impart to them consolation and hope.

While we were contemplating the singular scene, and noting the curious effects of light and shadow produced by the fitful fires upon the huge trunks of the pines, which our imagination easily transformed into tall and slender columns supporting the dome of some vast rustic cathedral, a sharp and prolonged blast of a horn startled us from our dreamings and awoke echoes through the forest. It was the call to evening worship, and obedient to the summons, the whole congregation gathered rapidly and nearly filled the vast area of the "stand." We took our seats together, although not exactly *selon a regle*, for it was naturally the wish of Miss Bremer to be a "looker on here in Vienna," and to go where fancy listed in the intervals of service. It was not a little amusing to see the furtive glances which were directed to our party from eyes near and remote, as it was whispered from one to another that a foreign lady was among them, though comparatively few, probably, of those present, knew even the name or position of Miss Bremer. The latter was truly an unconscious object of attention, her whole feelings being deeply and strangely absorbed in the scene around her. While others watched her, and we, of her party, with perhaps more interest than any of them, to gather from her eloquent face an idea of the effect produced upon her by this new scene of life, she was eagerly drinking in at eye and ear, the impressions of novelty and surprise which the circumstances could not fail to awaken. When the opening hymn was sung, choroused by several thousand voices, she seemed intensely interested, and well she might, for there was a strange and subduing power in that vast sea of sound, whose waves seemed to roll through the air around us with billowy undulations. When the hymn was finished, she turned to us and eagerly requested that the words of the song might be repeated. It was Cowper's exquisite hymn:

"O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the lamb."

We repeated it to her, and she expressed her pleasure both with the words and the melody to which they had been adapted. During the prayer which followed, nearly all the vast congregation sunk upon their knees, and Miss Bremer looked her surprise to us, at the frequent echoes and responses to the petition of the minister broke from the lips of many worshippers. The sermon that followed was a simple and unimpassioned exhibition of divine truth. So calm and impressive was the manner of the speaker, that our friend was greatly surprised, and perhaps disappointed, for she had evidently expected a great swelling sound of words and much excitement of manner. She even thought the preacher lacking in fervor adapted to the circumstances, her impressions of those circumstances being evidently colored by the reports she had heard of camp-meeting ground.

When the sermon was concluded, the peculiar features of the scene began to develope themselves. The altar-fires were renewed; there were even large accessions to the congregation, and an evident feeling that the business of the night was now to commence.

The sermon was followed by an exhortation, in the course of which the preacher warmed into great animation of manner, and some excitement began to manifest itself among a portion of the audience. When he concluded, another minister arose and announced that they would soon engage in solemn prayer to God; that before doing so, a hymn would be sung, and, meanwhile, all who desired to be prayed for and become Christians, should approach and kneel at the altar. The hymn was then commenced, and quite a number of young persons immediately left their seats and prostrated themselves round the altar. At intervals, during the singing, the invitation was repeated, and as one and another approached some minister would exclaim, "Thank God for another soul struggling to be converted," or "Here is another and another, and still there is room." Occasionally the words of exhortation would rise above the voices of the singers, urging sinners to come and seek the prayers of God's people.

In a few minutes the signal for prayer was given, and the whole vast assembly immediately knelt upon the straw-carpet ground, and a profound silence reigned, broken only by the earnest petition of the minister. As he prayed on, his manner became fervent, and soon excited, producing a similar effect upon the more impressible portion of the audience. Presently loud and quick ejaculations broke from various lips, and, anon, some would take up the words of the minister and repeat them with great zeal, or enforce, in their own peculiar language, the public supplications. In a very short time, an intense excitement pervaded the colored people, and one and another would shout and scream with an enthusiasm little short of frenzy. As soon as the prayer was finished, the various ministers began to converse with the "mourners," whose sobs or groans attested the violence of their feelings. Others now pressed forward to the altar and flung themselves upon their knees, with their faces buried in their hands upon the benches. From this time all regular order of services seemed to be set aside, and all manner of religious exercises were in progress at once. While one minister exhorted with great earnestness, another would be praying over a weeping penitent, another singing, perhaps *sotto voce*, snatches of hymns in a voice husky from over exertion. At intervals, loud and piercing shrieks would escape from one or another of the mourners, while again shouts of "glory" would evince the felicity of some over-flowing heart. During these exercises, so novel to our friend, Miss Bremer, she pressed forward so eagerly towards the altar, that we felt some apprehension lest she should be mistaken for a "mourner," and to avoid a mistake so embarrassing, we intimated to her our fears and withdrew her somewhat from the hallowed precincts. Upon the negro side of the desk a still greater degree of excitement was manifesting itself under the exhortations, prayers and singing, of colored "leaders," many of whom exhibited no small degree of power in their exercises, and made use of language which surprised not only our friend, but ourselves. Several times during the evening, individuals were carried away from the stand in a state of *ectase*, shouting with an energy that seemed to portend a catastrophe to their lungs, not dissimilar to that which sometimes befalls steam-boilers on our Western rivers.

Miss Bremer was struck with the peculiar songs of these informal exercises, which might very properly be called religious "refrains." The following is a specimen of them, as sung by the white assembly:

"Jesus my all to Heaven is gone;
Chorus—Jesus has promised to be with us to the end.
He whom I fixed my hopes upon;
Chorus—Jesus has promised to be with us to the end.
Jesus has been with us,
Jesus is still with us—
Jesus will be with us;
He has promised to be with us to the end.
His track I see and I'll pursue,
Jesus has promised, &c.
The narrow way till Him I view
Jesus has promised, &c.
Jesus has been with us,
Jesus now is with us,
And He will be with us,
For He has promised to be with us to the end."

Among other sentences or couplets which were continually sung, we remember particularly the following:

"They that toil shall wear a crown—
From their Father's house sent down."

The most popular hymn, if we may judge from the frequency with which it was sung, was that commencing,

"When I can read my title clear,"

every line of which was followed by some chorus, such as

"I am bound for the promised land,"

or perhaps more frequently—

"I am bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?"

We have before mentioned the surprising melody of the camp-singing, and unfamiliar or even incongruous as were the songs themselves, the effect was indescribably pleasant, as the cadences of two or three thousand voices swelled like the notes of a vast minster-organ through the aisles of the pine forest.

The time wore on insensibly, and when, at a late hour we asked Miss Bremer if she were not weary of standing, she replied, with great earnestness, "Oh, no!—not weary—but strangely interested!"

A scene of more than ordinary moment now attracted our attention. A young girl, under the reaction of intense emotion, had subsided into a state of speechless unconsciousness. Some female relatives sat on the ground by her, supporting her head, and singing over her, in low, sweet notes, a most touching and plaintive air, while many looked on with unaffected interest. This instance of spiritual trance was regarded by our guest as the most interesting feature of the novel scene. About half an hour before midnight, we left the still crowded altar, and commenced a survey of the camp-ground. Directing our steps towards the negro quarters, we found the tents nearly all occupied by groups engaged in religious exercises, and many extraordinary scenes met the eye of Miss Bremer, which her Northern philosophy had "never dreamt of." In one cabin we saw about thirty persons at prayer, the leader for the time being a woman. In the midst of her vehement supplication, she suddenly ceased, and raising herself while still kneeling, she exclaimed, "Bruddern and sisters, be you all dumb?" To this singular query there were sundry ejaculations of "No! No!" from the party. The woman then exclaimed, "Pray, then, pray for Jesus," whereupon one began by saying, "Give me Jesus!" and another "Give me Jesus!" and so on, until every one had uttered the prayer with various intonations and emphasis.

In another tent, amid a group of several kneeling in prayer, we noticed a woman throwing her arms and body about with great energy, and exclaiming all the while, in a husky and exhausted voice, "Oh, don't I wish I could only holler!"

The negro songs and snatches were much more peculiar than those of the whites, and we are sorry to have remembered none of them with sufficient correctness to venture specimens.—They were often an odd jumble of words, without meaning, but always sung to musical airs. We recollect one of a better class of refrains, which ran as follows:

"I'd like to be the one to go,
And die on Zion's hill."

It was with no small interest that Miss Bremer watched these exercises of the negroes, and her repeated exclamation to us was, "How entirely happy these people seem to be!" In one tent we witnessed a scene strictly prohibited by the authorities of the camp, and always put a stop to by them when discovered. It was the "Happy Dance," and, as Miss Bremer remarked, not inaptly so called, if we might judge from the faces of the dancers. In the middle of the cabin some ten or twelve of both sexes were performing a sort of shuttle dance, gliding in and out with great rapidity, but with no other noise than a low, graceful melody, chanted by themselves and a score of spectators in the cabin. While we were yet gazing at the strange spectacle, they ceased suddenly and left the cabin, but whether our presence restrained their lawless worship or not, we are unable to say.

For an hour we rambled among the tents, and gave Miss Bremer "Glimpses of Southern Life," both novel and grotesque, yet charming in their reality. We listened now to an address, eloquent in its simplicity, and anon to another, in which the speaker made sad havoc of common sense, and greatly excited our risible faculties.

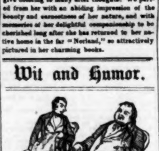
When, some time after midnight, we sought the tent of our host, the altar fires were still mocking the pale crest of Diana and her thronging virgins, the stars, and the sounds of devotion still arose from various quarters of the great encampment.

The hour of six, upon a bright Sabbath morning, found us assembled for prayers in the sitting room of our host's cabin, and notwithstanding it was so early, the camp was full of life and stir. At eight o'clock, the horn summoned us to public worship, when a sermon was preached to the whites, followed immediately by another to the colored people. By the hour of eleven, large crowds of people from the city poured into the camp, and filled the immense temple. A sermon was now preached by a minister from North Carolina, who "reasoned of judgment to come," and displayed a good deal of popular eloquence, not lost upon the auditory.

Our space fails us to narrate farther incidents of the day. The intended departure of Miss Bremer the next morning for Georgia, rendered it necessary for us to return to the city in an evening train. The journey was rendered pleasant by a most refreshing air from the sea. The train moved rather slowly, for it bore over a thousand passengers, chiefly negroes, who sung, all the way, their favorite melodies, and absolutely drowned with their voices the far less melodious noise of the heavy train and its iron-sinewed horse.

When we bade Miss Bremer adieu at the pleasant home of Mrs. H———, she assured us that she had experienced, in her visit to the camp-meeting a degree of pleasure not soon to be forgotten, and witnessed there scenes which would give coloring to many after thoughts. We parted from her with an abiding impression of the beauty and earnestness of her nature, and with memories of her delightful companionship to be cherished long after she has returned to her native home in the far "Norland," so attractively pictured in her charming books.

Wit and Humor.



JOKING WITH A BARBER.

A correspondent tells us a story of our "Jeems," which we intend to tell again for the edification of the public. Stopping for a day or two at a village a short way out of Boston, Jeems went to a barber's shop to get shaved. On entering, and casting his eyes about the room, he perceived that the barber drove the double trade of tonsor and small grocer. "Shave, sir?" said the barber to his customer, whose face sufficiently indicated the object of his visit. Jeems made no reply, but drawing himself up to a lofty height, proceeded in the attorney fashion, to interrogate the barber as follows:

"Sir, are you the barber?"

"Yes, sir—have a shave?"

"And do you keep this oyster cellar?"

"Yes, sir—have any oysters?"

"Well, sir, this double occupation of yours, gives rise to the most horrible suspicions. It is a serious thing, sir, to submit one's head to the manipulation of a stranger; but if you can answer a couple of questions to my satisfaction, I should like to be shaved."

The barber said he would try.

"Well, sir," said Jeems, solemnly, "do you shave with your oyster knife?"

"No, sir," said the barber, smiling.

"One question more," continued the interrogator; "and remember, you are under oath, or rather, recollect that this is a serious business—(the barber stared)—one question more—*do you never open oysters with your razor?*"

"No, sir," exclaimed the barber, indignantly, amid a roar of laughter from the bystanders.

"Then shave me," said Jeems, throwing himself into the chair, and untying his neckcloth with the air of a man who has unshaken confidence in human nature.

COAXING UP AN EXPRESSION.—A brace of "lovers" anxious to secure each other's shadow ere the substance faded, stepped into a daguerreotype establishment, recently, to sit for their "picters." The lady gave precedence to her swain, who, she said, "had got to be tuck fust, and real natural." He brushed up his tow head of hair, gave a twist or two to his neckerchief, asked his gal if his shirt collar stood about X, and planted himself in the operator's chair, where he soon assumed the physiognomical characteristics of a poor mortal in a dentist's hands, and about to part with one of his eye teeth. "Now, dew look party!" begged the lady, casting at him one of her most languishing glances. The picture was taken, and when produced, it reminded the girl, as she expressed it, 'just how Josh looked when he got over the measles!' and as this was not an era in her suitor's history particularly worthy of their commemoration, she insisted that "he should stand again." He obeyed, and she attended him to the chair. "Josh," said she, "just look like smilin', and then kinder don't." The poor fellow tried to follow the indefinite injunction. "La," she cried, "you look all puckered up." One direction followed another, but with as little success. At last, growing impatient, and becoming desperate, she resolved to try an expedient, which she considered infallible, and exclaimed, "I don't keer if there is folks around." She enjoined the operator to stand ready at his camera; she then sat in her fellow's lap, and placing her arms around his neck, managed to cast a shower of flaxen ringlets as a screen between the operator and her proceedings, which, however, were betrayed by a succession of amorous sounds which revealed her expedient. When this "billing and cooing" had lasted a few minutes, the cunning girl jumped from Josh's lap, and clapping her hands, cried to the astounded artist—"Now you have got him! put him threw!"

"AWFUL SACRIFICE." TRADESMEN.—One of those generous, disinterested, sacrificing gentlemen had stuck upon every other pane of glass, "Selling off—no reasonable offer refused—must close on Saturday." This man once offered himself as bail, or security for some case which was brought before a magistrate. The magistrate asked him if he was worth two hundred pounds.

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"But you are about to remove, are you not?"

"No, sir."

"Why, you write up, 'Selling off.'"

"Yes, every shop-keeper is selling off."

"You also say, 'No reasonable offer will be refused.'"

"Why, I should be very unreasonable if I did refuse such offers."

"But you say, 'Must close on Saturday.'"

"To be sure; you would not have me open on Sunday, would you?"

A curious scheme this to entice, if not to entrap the unwary.

AWFUL EFFECTS OF TOO MUCH BATHING.—"Well, do tell," says Mrs. Harris, "if they wash folks all over now-a-days! In my day it was thought monstrous, and I well recolect that my old husband, who was terrible desperit at times, swore he'd wash his whole body if he was a mind to, and I might help myself—just because I cautioned him of the danger of using too much water, and wasting soap, and so on. And so he did, but, poor man, he died arter it! To be sure, he had 'Carbuncious Lungs,' as the good Doctor Placebo told me two months before, but I don't think he'd a died if he hadn't been so temeritous! I never knew any good come of trying experiments. An old man, like him, who'd never been wash'd all over since he was weaned, ought to have known it would have kill'd him! But folks *will* be foolish, sometimes, so I ain't so much surprised at hearing of this werry pernicious practice that killed Mr. Harris, being used even in this enlightened day."—*Path Finder*.

☞ "Mine fren', have you seen von little trunk what I left to-morrow, as I will come from se steamboat by se hotel?"

"I did not, Monsieur, and expects to do so for the remainder of the day."

"By gar, if he gets stole, I will kill se rascal what will take him till he be choke. Sacre! vat a countrye!"

☞ Snooks met Spooks. "Morning," says Snooks. "Morning," says Spooks. "Cold weather," says Snooks. "Yes," says Spooks, "we shan't have any warmer weather till the snow is gone up North." "No," says Snooks, "and the snow won't go off till it is warmer weather."

"PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE."

I'll tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore:—
Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door:
So he called upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—
Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

Now, a handmaid, whatever her fingers be at,
Will run like a puss when she hears a rat-tat;
So Lucy ran up—and, in two seconds more,
Had questioned the stranger and answered the door.

The meeting was bliss, but the parting was wo;
For the moment will come when such comers must go;
So she kiss'd him, and whispered—poor innocent thing—
"The next time you come, love, pray come with a ring."

☞ MIXED TEA.—"What is the matter with the tea this morning?" said a lady to a newly-imported maid.

"Is it the tay you mane, ma'am? Sure, an' I thought the coffee and tay too wake intirely, so I mixt 'em together to make 'em strong, me lady."

Selected Articles.

"THE GREAT HARMONIA."

Andrew Jackson Davis, the celebrated Clairvoyant, has just presented to the world another book of revelations, far more remarkable, and probably more useful than his first voluminous work because it contains in plain intelligible terms, many of the most valuable prescriptions employed by him in his medical practice. These prescriptions, it will be remembered, were dictated by Mr. Davis while in the Mesmeric state, and are therefore believed by many to be far superior to any thing ever devised by the most learned doctors of the regular profession.

The work alluded to is entitled "The Great Harmonia." The volume now issued is the first of a series, and is devoted principally to an explanation, physical and spiritual, of Man. The Philosophies of Health, Disease, Sleep, Death, Psychology and Healing, are interesting, considered even as romances; they are curious, since every word, it is said, was dictated by the author while he was in the spiritual, or highest mesmeric state. The language employed is excellent, and it is said, far above Mr. Davis's powers, when not spiritualized. Not among the least entertaining passages in the "Philosophy of Death," is the relation of an interview Mr. Davis had, with the spirit of a departed friend. On earth, here in New York, they were very intimate, and were both intently devoted to the study and practice of Animal Magnetism.

A short time previous to the death of this friend it was mutually agreed between both, that whichever died first, he would, if spirits had such a power, communicate to the other who remained on earth, the feelings and sensations he experienced during and subsequent to the process of dying. The name of the deceased was James Victor Wilson, a gentleman, in his latter days, (1847) well known to the public of this city through his connection with Mesmerism, which at that time attracted considerable attention.—Wilson, it appears, faithfully stuck to his promise and has actually made the revelation to Mr. Davis, as agreed, though, owing to the mind of the latter being in an unfit state, considerable time elapsed after his death before he could communicate with his friend. Mr. Wilson, if we remember aright, resided in City Hall Place. His demise was sudden, being found one morning a corpse in his bed. It is a pity that his revelations to Mr. Davis were not made sooner, as they might have assisted the deliberations of the coroner's jury, who brought in a verdict of death from an "unknown cause." It was said at the time of Mr. W.'s death, that he often endeavored to abstract his spirit from his body or to throw himself voluntarily into the mesmeric state; and that at last he succeeded in abstracting himself altogether. Mr. Wilson confirms this statement in his revelation.

Mr. Davis speaking of his first communication with Mr. Wilson's spirit, says:—"Towards the last of December, 1847, as I was recovering from a short but severe illness, and while my mind was in a state of interior meditation, I did not see, but I suddenly felt his spiritual presence. He breathed into my spirit the following words: 'Thou hast not been in that peculiar mental state which is adapted to spiritual intercourse—thrice have I sought thee, but thy spirit was too much engaged in the investigation of natural or terrestial subjects to have readily perceived, and communed with me; and even now thou hast not sufficient physical strength to record what I would impart. But it is well to be patient; for when it is *good* and *useful* that I should converse with thee, we shall equally be prepared for the interview.'"

This was all of the first interview. Several months elapsed, when Mr. Davis was again favored by Mr. Wilson's spirit, as follows:

"The innumerable empires of worlds about me supply every pure desire with its proper and complete gratification.

"The elements which flow between one planet, or world and another, correspond to the waters which divide, yet unite, countries and hemispheres on your earth.

"These planets are our various countries. On each the inhabitants are different, but only in degrees of growth. Their laws and customs differ; but the difference is always in accordance with their relative position in the infinite system of progressive development.

"There is no antagonism here, only a divine emulation, no absolute discord, only relative degrees of harmony.

"We travel to each other's country or planet, just as you travel to each other's village or city.

"Our empire is vast, our government is spiritual, our law is love, and our obedience brings wisdom and happiness.

* * * * * * *

"My departure from your earth and society, was, to me, sudden and unexpected—but it was fully known and anticipated by my *present* companions.

"While I was with you I was seeking—finding—exclaiming—writing—speaking—practising—and I was leaving old associations of every description; and on the evening previous to my departure, my soul was lifted up in holy contemplation of the spirit-home.

"Thought became too intense and elevated for the body. The sensorium was expanded, with action, to its utmost capacity; the blood rushed to and from my head with bewildering rapidity; my thoughts returned to me and I retired to bed. But my spirit was attracted by an interior power—the attraction overcame me and I felt the evidence of the transformation.

"How thankful was I that my chamber was undisturbed! No excitement, no rush, was there to draw me back. I was thankful for this; for had it been otherwise—had friends besought, and prayed, and wept for me, I should have had but one sensation,—not sympathy, but pity! pity!

"I remembered you—held your chart of the geography of the spirit-home in my memory. You had gone before me—knew the pathway—understood the preparations that were necessary for the journey. I was thus making the preparations, and the transition was interesting and delightful. My sensorium or cerebrum threw open its ten thousand hearts or cells, and the imprisoned spirit, rushed from the various members, into them:—by spirit, I mean myself.

"Now I was calm—silent—still—sleeping—my bed chamber, the house, the physical world, all, all receded, and went into nothing. My body was on its back,—I was asleep, and yet I was not asleep; I was in the body, and yet it seemed that I was out of the body; I was in the world, and yet it appeared to me I was not in the world.

"Now my sleep deepened, and my consciousness of individuality was melted into an ocean of boundless ether. Joy unutterable came over me, as I seemed to spread out like the divine breath upon the bosom of infinite life. I expanded in every direction. I was boundless—was infinite, was in being, and yet it seemed that I was nothing. Happiness, or rather tranquility, was the last of my earthly recollections.

"My spirit seemed poured into the fount of elysium—I felt like the breath of heaven—and the angels seemed to inhale me, and thus I became unconscious. Yes, how we, how all are blessed! My individuality, thus seemingly purified, was restored. My new being was inhaling what appeared to me like the pure elements of other climes; it was so. My earthly body was beneath me. It was surrounded by friends and medical attendants—it was examined—and turned in various ways to call me back. I was then not more than two feet (according to the natural system of measurement) from them, over the head of the body, yet I was in eternity.

"Nothing which was done affected me. Several radiant beings were near me—they were my companions to the Spirit-Home. When the surrounding elements passed into my lungs, I felt like an infant filled with life; when my heart beat, and sent the milk-white ether through my new and perfect organization, I felt ready to go with my companions!

"We passed from the earth-sphere through the opening at one of the poles; we met and observed several spirits on our way. My eyes permitted me to see thousands of miles, whereas on earth I could only see inches. We arrived where we were attracted, and I knew that we had reached the second sphere. Thus I recognized your teachings. The society of which I am a member is in numbers innumerable.

"We are mutually fond of travelling through the different societies and portions of the Spirit-Home. On earth I was fond of mathematics and kindred studies; my desire of those acquirements is now totally satiated. Spiritual affinities are my studies now; and ere long, I will disclose what I have learned."

"Thus ended," says Mr. Davis, "our brother's brief but highly interesting revelation.—His concluding words refer to some future disclosures of spiritual things, which, when I receive them from him, shall be presented to the world."

Mr. Wilson, it will be seen, confirms, generally, the celebrated Moon story. He states that from City Hall Place he made his exit through one of the Poles of the earth. Mr. Davis states that there is in the atmosphere, six miles above the earth, a constant current of Electricity, always rushing towards the North pole. Mr. Wilson probably got into this current and was carried through, and who knows but Sir John Franklin, getting too near the Pole, has also gone in a similar direction. In the medical part of his "Harmonia," Mr. Davis devotes considerable space to an explanation of the Cholera, with modes for its treatment. He then predicts the appearance of a new and more terrible disease, which is on its way to this sphere. He says:

"A new disease will suddenly make its appearance, during an autumn not far distant, in both Europe and America. This statement is founded upon the influence which I perceive the lines of *no-variation* must and will exert on the electric and magnetic imponderables of our atmosphere; and the most susceptible individuals, I perceive, will experience the consequences of the imperceptible change thus occasioned. The disease will be a negative one—embracing the symptoms and appalling concomitants of the Asiatic Cholera and black tongue; and a similar panic and fatality will characterise its first appearance; but it can be readily mastered by two remedies—first, a determination on the part of the individual not to die with the disease—second, by enveloping the patient (divested of clothing) in a woollen blanket, which must be completely lined with dampened mustard flour, (so as to form a general draught or plaster,) and by giving him as much good brandy as he will or can drink. This prescription would be highly efficacious in the treatment of Asiatic Cholera; the patient should remain in the blankets until perspiration is thoroughly induced. Merriment and joviality, to an extent almost regardless of the patient's agonies, will do more than any treatment. This disease will first be developed in the small inland towns, and in some of the iron manufacturing districts of England; and then in some of the sequestered villages and cotton plantations of America. It will at first seem like the Plague—will be violent and generally fatal—and will soon suddenly disappear."

We shall reserve until another day Mr. Davis's very interesting account of his interview with the spirit of Solon, the ancient Athenian Lawgiver, and other parties.

THE LOST PLAYMATE.

BY MISS PHŒBE CAREY.

I hear the children shouting,
In the spring-time of delight,
All that used to play together—
All but one—are here to-night.

One we laid in peaceful slumber,
Away from all life's ills,
When the roses of the summer-time
Were dying on the hills.

And we often think about him,
Where the shadows darkly wave,
Though we know the blessed Saviour
Has not left him in the grave.

Oh, he had such shining ringlets,
Such a fair and noble brow—
'Tis strange his little playmates
Never seem to miss him now!

Strange his name is never spoken,
As in sport they shout and call;
When the lost one was the fairest,
Was the brightest one of all.

And how often here I've seen him,
When the day, as now, grew dim—
Oh, of all that play about me,
There is none that looks like him!

And his winning, childish actions,
His earnest, loving face,
Every little word he uttered,
Haunts me in this lonesome place.

But there's one than me more faithful,
Cherishes each look and tone,
One whose heart is ever craving
For the lost one that is gone.

All his playmates may forget him,
All his little friends that were,
But his mother, oh, his mother,
He has never died to her!

JACK AT THE "OPERA."—The character of a sailor is frequently eccentric and somewhat extravagant. His presence ashore is associated with fun and sometimes a little mischief; and while we deplore his prodigalities, we cannot refrain smiling at the comical positions, which only he can assume.

In the gallery at the Opera, one evening last week, before the commencement of the performance, two of the above class of personages made themselves particularly prominent, by their extravagant actions and loud conversation, until most of the opera glasses in the house were poised in their direction. Sailors, when ashore, cannot bear the eye of curiosity; and such marked attention on this occasion evidently annoyed and vexed them. At first they gazed boldly at the audience with looks indicative of defiance. At last one shook his head in a most knowing manner, and left his seat. Shortly after, he returned with a roll of paper under his arm, which he leisurely twisted into a long tube about the size of a common telescope. His mate then bent over the railing, while the other poised the novel instrument over his shoulder, and surveyed the audience with all the coolness imaginable. Risibles could be controlled no longer and the house was convulsed with laughter.

FEMALE SOLDIERS.—The King of Dahomey, in Western Africa, has a standing army of eight thousand blacks, of whom one-half are women. His Sable Majesty is an ally of England, and it was by an application for percussion caps, wherewith to supply his female guard, that the condition of his army was made public. The petition to the Government of Her Britannic Majesty, prayed that this cargo of ammunition might be duly expedited, and added, as a reason for haste, that the warrior essex were waiting to start upon an expedition after slaves. The abolitionists had taken the matter up, and hence the publicity of the details.

It is upon his female troops that the King of Dahomey places the greatest reliance. They are all of large stature, selected for their beauty of proportions, and look magnificently in their Barbaric uniforms. Marriage alone is forbidden to them. In all service requiring desperate hardihood and intrepidity, they are the foremost and most successful. The King takes great pains to preserve his popularity with his Amazons, and they (seeming to be too much enchanted with the art of war to have any regrets for the interdiction of regular matrimony,) are his most faithful and reliable subjects.

For Housekeepers.

A BEEF-STEAK POT PIE.—Take a sufficiency of tender beef-steaks from the sirloin, removing all the fat and bone. Season them slightly with pepper and salt; adding also some nutmeg. Put them into a pot with plenty of water, and parboil them. Meanwhile, make a large portion of paste, (a pot-pie with but little paste is no better than a mere stew,) and roll it out thick. If you use suet for shortening, allow to every two quarts or two pounds of flour a large half-pound of suet, divested of the skin and strings, and minced as finely as possible with a chopping-knife. Sprinkle in a very little salt. Mix the suet with the flour in a large pan, rubbing it fine with your hands, and adding gradually sufficient cold water to make a stiff dough. Then transfer the lump of dough to the paste-board; knead it well with your hands; and beat it hard on all sides with the rolling-pin. Next roll it out into sheets.—Line the sides of a pot with a portion of the dough. Then put in the beef; adding for gravy the liquid in which it was boiled, and a little hot water. Also, some potatoes sliced or quartered. Intersperse the meat with square slices of paste. Finish by covering it with a lid of paste, having a slit in the top; but do not fit the lid too closely. Then placing the pot over the fire, let it boil from three quarters to an hour, (after it comes to a boil,) replenishing it, if necessary, with more hot water. This will be found an excellent family dish.

BROILED MUSHROOMS.—Take the largest and finest fresh mushrooms. Peel them and cut off the stems as closely as possible. Lay the mushrooms on their backs, upon a large flat dish; and into the hollow or cup of each, put a piece of fresh butter, and season it with a little black pepper. Set a clean gridiron over a bed of clear hot coals, and when it is well heated, put on the mushrooms and broil them thoroughly. The gridiron should be one with grooved bars, so as to retain the gravy. When the first gridironfull of mushrooms is well broiled, put them, with their liquor into a hot dish, and keep them closely covered while the rest are broiling.

This is an excellent way of cooking mushrooms.—*Miss Leslie's Receipt Book.*

ANOTHER PROPHET.

The following curious statement is made in a recent letter of the regular Paris correspondent of the London Atlas:

"Wonders will never cease in Paris. A discovery which has lately been made of an extraordinary individual living at the Barriere d'Enfer, and who proclaims himself to the world as the heir and successor of Jesus Christ, has created the greatest curiosity among the miracle-hunters of our capital. This man is a peasant of the name of Perimond, about five-and-forty years of age, of simple and unpretending manners and homely speech. He is, however, manifestly under some extraordinary magnetic influence, for he has cured, by the effect of his touch alone, many hundreds of persons who have been to visit him. He receives all strangers who seek him with the greatest simplicity, disclaims any credit for the wondrous miracles he performed, merely repeating the assurance of his appointment by our Saviour, who appeared to him in a dream, to go forth to the world to testify to the truth of the Gospel. He is of short stature, and of full and expressive countenance. His hair, parted on the forehead, descends on either side of his temples. There would be nothing remarkable about the person of the man, were it not for the circumstance which has given rise to the wilful lie, or the unhappy delusion, whichever it may be, that he thus openly advances, were it not for the extraordinary *stigmates* on his hands and feet, and the deep cicatrice in his side, whence, during the whole of Passion Week, have issued large drops of blood! Many people worthy of belief have told me that there is no delusion about this. The hands and feet are pierced through and through, and the wound in the side is about two inches long, and very deep; that they have seen the blood ooze from those wounds slowly and drop by drop for hours together during the past week, and that during all this time Perimond remains exhausted on his bed, lying, as it were, in a trance, without food or nourishment, and, to all appearances, dead.—After sunset he revives; the bleeding ceases; he recovers his senses, partakes of some slight refreshment, and passes the whole night in prayer! His dress consists of a short tunic of white linen, reaching to the knee, with long, full trowsers of the same. On his head he wears a white linen turban of the Jewish form. He carries no ornament on his person save a gold clasp, which fastens the band to which his waist is confined.—The police have been most active in causing the strictest investigations to be made into the history and antecedents of the man; but as yet nothing has been discovered which can, in any way, serve as excuse for molesting him. All that is known is the fact that he has recently arrived from Grenoble, where he had lived a holy and religious life, much beloved by the old peasant women who had reared him, and who, even to the hour of her death, declared to have found him one morning lying beneath a hedge near her cottage. No trace of his parentage has ever been discovered. He never stirs abroad, and discourages all meetings or assemblies at his house; therefore the authorities of Paris have nought to do in this case. Several physicians of eminence have already been to visit him, but none have, as yet, been able to solve the mystery of the long fast and bleeding. Dr. C———, the great anatomist, after remaining two hours in his room last Friday, left in despair, declaring, with an oath, that the juggle was too well managed for discovery, and, therefore, the mystery, like that of the ecstatic virgins of the Tyrol, remains a mystery still."

MAN AND THE SOIL.

BY M. GUIZOT,

LATE PRIME MINISTER OF FRANCE.

Moveable property, or capital, may procure a man all the advantages of wealth; but property in land, gives him much more than this. It gives him a place in the domain of the world; it unites his life with the life that animates all creation. Money is an instrument by which man can procure the satisfaction of his wants and his desires. Landed property is the establishment of man as the sovereign in the midst of nature. It satisfies not only his wants and his desires, but tastes deeply implanted in his nature. For his family it creates that domestic country, called home, with all the living sympathies, and all the future hopes and projects which people it. And whilst property in land is more consonant than any other to the nature of man, it affords a field of activity the most favorable to his moral development, the most suited to inspire a just sentiment of his nature and his powers. In almost all the other trades or professions, whether commercial or scientific, success appears to depend solely upon vigilance. In agricultural life, man is constantly in the presence of God, and of His power. Activity, talent, prudence and vigilance, are as necessary here as elsewhere to the success of his labors—but they are not less insufficient than they are necessary. It is God who rules the seasons and the temperature, the sun and the rain, and all those phenomena of nature which determine the success or the failure of the labors of man on the soil which he cultivates. There is no pride which can resist this dependence, no address which can escape it. Nor is it only a sentiment of humanity as to his power over his own destiny which is thus inculcated upon man; he learns, also, tranquillity and patience. He cannot flatter himself that the most ingenious invention, or the most restless activity, will insure his success—when he has done all that depends upon him for the cultivation and the fertilization of the soil, he must wait with resignation. The more profoundly we examine the situation in which man is placed by the possession and cultivation of the soil, the more do we discover how rich it is in salutary lessons to his reason, and benign influence on his character. Men do not analyze these facts, but they have an instinctive sentiment of them, which powerfully contributes to that peculiar respect in which they hold property in land, and to the preponderance which that kind of property enjoys over every other. This preponderance is a natural, legitimate, and salutary fact, which, especially in a great country, society at large has a strong interest in recognizing and respecting.

The Olio.

SINGULAR TRAP.—They have a singular contrivance for catching wolves in Norway. It consists of a circle of about six or eight feet in diameter, in which stakes are driven so close to each other that a wolf cannot creep through, and which are high enough to prevent his leaping over them. In the midst of this circle a single stake is driven, to which a lamb or a young kid is bound. Around this circle a second is formed, of which the stakes are as close and as high as the inner one, and at a distance not greater than will permit of a wolf to pass conveniently, but not to allow of his turning round. In the outer circle a door is formed, which opens inward, and rests against the inner circle, but moves easily on its hinges, and fastens itself on shutting.—Through this door the wolves enter, sometimes in such a number as to fill the enclosure.—The first wolf now paces the circle in order to discover some opening through which he can get at the lamb. When he comes to the back of the door which is in his way, he pushes it with his muzzle, it closes and fastens, he passes by, and goes the round for the second time, without being able either to enter the inner circle, or to retreat from the outer. At length he perceives that he is a prisoner, and his hideous howling announces to those who have constructed the trap, that he is taken, who immediately come and dispatch him. It is said that this sort of trap is also used for foxes, and even occasionally for mice.

INDIAN ARITHMETIC.—The Indians do not comprehend the simplest rules of addition and division. Tribes to whom large sums are paid by our Government have no clear perception of the amount they receive, unless the pieces of coin are spread before them, hence the difficulty experienced so often with them in money transactions with the Government. Bundles of small sticks, tied up, are the ordinary mode of counting. Their arithmetical root is decimal. Five fingers on each hand, held up, is a decimal; five toes on each foot, appealed to, converts this into a vingtigesimal. But the pieces of money, or things of any kind, must be shown to enable them to understand the sum. There is no rule of multiplication, division, &c. There is absolutely no mental appreciation of sums. The more advanced tribes are better arithmeticians. They have profited by education, and more by intermixture of races. The Choctaws have native terms to *ten hundred thousand*.

LATIN IN PRAYERS.—The most absurd display, in the Latin line, which we have seen lately, is the apparent attempt of a worthy clergyman, in the prayer at the recent Concord Celebration, to make the dead language intelligible to the Almighty:

"We thank Thee, oh, Lord, that these, our forefathers, were thus permitted to die in battle, *for dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*, which means that it is sweet and honorable to die for one's country."

It is very evident that the reverend gentleman addressed this prayer to his audience rather than to his Maker.

A LONDON DRAWING-ROOM.—But what could equal the chaste splendor of the drawing-room? The carpets were so magnificently puffy, that your feet made no more noise on them than your shadow; on their white ground bloomed roses and tulips as big as warming-pans; about the room were high chairs and low chairs, bandy-legged chairs, and chairs so attenuated that it was a wonder any but a sylph could sit upon them, marquetterie tables covered with marvellous gimcracks, china ornaments of all ages and countries, bronzes, gilt daggers, books of beauty, yataghans, Turkish papooshes, and boxes of Parisian bonbons. Whenever you sat down, there were Dresden shepherdesses convenient at your elbow; there were, moreover, light blue poodles and ducks and cocks and hens in porcelain; there were nymphs by Boucher, and shepherdesses by Greuze, very chaste, indeed; there were muslin curtains, gilt cages with paroquets and love birds, two squalling cockatoos, each out-squalling and out-chattering the other; a clock singing tunes on a console table, and another booming the hours, like Great Tom, on the mantel-piece—there was, in a word, every thing that comfort could desire, and the most elegant taste devise. A London drawing-room, fitted up without regard to expense, is surely one of the noblest and most curious sights of the present day. The Romans of the Lower Empire, the dear Marchionesses and Countesses of Louis XV., could scarcely have a finer taste than our modern folks exhibit; and every body who saw Lady Chavering's reception rooms, was forced to confess that they were most elegant; and that the prettiest rooms in London—Lady Harley Quin's, Lady Hanway Wardour's, or Mrs. Podgson's own, the great Railroad Crœsus's wife, were not filled up with more consummate chostity.—*Thackeray's Pendennis.*

WOMAN.—A writer in a late Review, speaking of the Roman women, and their influence during the existence of the kingdom, says:—"From the time of the Sabines to Theodora's Conquest of Justinian, women seem to have been at the bottom of almost all the memorable events of Roman history. Lucretia, Virginia, Veturia, Fabia, the wife of Licinius, who became, at her instigation, the First Plebeian Consul, are illustrious examples of this: and whatever may be the changes of manner or opinions, as Hume has well remarked, all nations, with one accord, point, for the ideal of a virtuous matron, to the daughter of Scipio, and the mother of the Gracchi." Who, then, will doubt the influence of woman?

OLD LEGEND.—"It is not enough that others pray for us, except ourselves praise God for ourselves. He that goeth to church by an attorney, shall go to heaven also by a proxy. There is an old legend of a merchant, who never would go to mass; but ever when he heard the saints' bell, he said to his wife, pray thou for thee and me. Upon a time he dreamed that he and his wife were dead, and that they knocked at heaven's gate for entrance; St. Peter the porter (for so goeth the tale) suffered his wife to enter in, but thrust him out, saying, Illa intravit pro se et te; as thy wife went to church for thee, so likewise she must go to heaven for thee. The moral is good, howsoever the story be bad.—*Boys' Wrought Gold.*

☞ Our Yankee friends, says the N. O. Bulletin, can do "other fixings" besides making coffee out of peas. Late in the season last Summer, we were conversing with a gentleman at his store door, when he observed, pointing to a large lot of buckwheat-meal which was tiered up, in quarter and half barrels, that he had just sold all of it at a very low price, for shipment to Boston, and upon our inquiring of the purchaser, who was standing with us, what was the object of sending such an article to the North, particularly as it was no doubt sour, and of course unfit for its usual use, he replied, "I rather guess a good part of it will come back here again, in the form of ground mustard, ginger, pepper, &c.

☞ VERY BLACK.—The Cincinnati Despatch speaks of a negro so dark that a candle will go out forty feet from his face.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 2, 7, 8, 11, 15, 17, is the pursuit of all mankind.
My 10, 6, 16, 10, 18, should be one of the leading traits in every man's character.
My 1, 7, 2, 22, is one of the elements.
My 3, 12, 17, 10, is one of the points of the compass.
My 14, 5, 12, 10, 18, is the common lot of all men.
My 24, 22, 19, 4, is one of the metals.
My 8, 11, 19, 6, 8, 18, is a place of divine worship.
My 20, 12, 8, 9, is part of a man's body.
My 13, 22, 15, 2, is an animal swift of foot.
My 21, 16, 6, 5, 12, 19, is an article of household furniture.
My 23, 3, 10, 10, 22, 2, 17, are what I am always happy to receive.
My 10, 18, 7, 15, 1, is what should be detested by all.
My 20, 22, 12, 2, is a wild and savage animal.
My 8, 12, 21, is a kind of carriage.
My 20, 7, 5, 12, 14, is the staff of life.
My 18, 12, 10, is an article of dress.
My whole is a constant reader of the Saturday Evening Post, and the name of the author of this Enigma.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, is a river in Virginia.
My 9, 9, 2, 7, 4, is a river in Africa.
My 3, 2, 9, 2, 6, is a city in South America.
My 4, 3, 1, 4, 2, 3, is one of the United States.
My 5, 13, 4, 5, is one of the Northern lakes.
My 6, 5, 8, 1, 10, is a city of Europe.
My 7, 2, 6, 8, 10, is a country of Great Britain.
My 8, 13, 4, 5, is a canal of New York.
My 9, 8, 13, 6, 4, 3, is a city of Prussia.
My 10, 12, 13, 5, 10, is a city of Turkey.
My 11, 2, 11, 5, 2, 6, 6, is a county in Georgia.
My 12, 6, 9, 5, 13, 11, is another county in Georgia.
My 13, 2, 6, 6, 10, is a county in Missouri.
My whole is an American Statesman.

JAMES F. WELSH

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 14, 4, 16, 17, 7, is a place no one likes to get into.
My 17, 14, 15, 10, is one of the primary colors.
My 11, 13, 6, 10, is the manner in which lessons are generally learned.
My 1, 13, 6, is a rude bed.
My 2, 18, 17, is part of a wheel.
My 12, 7, 8, 8, 10, 3, is one of the metals.
My 5, 6, 10, 16, is an appendage to all flowers.
My 9, 13, 15, 19, 10, is a dwelling.
My 19, 11, 18, 16, 17, is a small morsel.
My whole was a truly great man who suffered from malice after having done acts beneficial to the world.

G. W. S.

CHARADE.

To get a solitary, poor repast,
My first poor Johnny spent, it was his last.
What was my second, then? you needs must guess,
Was it a pound? a dollar?—no, 'twas *less*.
To be my whole, alas! is oft the fate
Of those who place dependence on the great.

N.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A certain man went out with the intention to buy a drove of animals, taking $500 with him; he bought horses at $50 a piece, oxen at $20 a head, swine at $2 a neck, sheep at $1 per fleece, turkeys at 50 cents each, and geese at 25 cents per life. When he had thus laid out his $500, he found that he had bought 501 animals, (thus one animal more than he had paid dollars for the whole drove of them.) The number of each sort is required?

X.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a surgeon, since the discovery of ether, like a swindler?

Ans.—Because he cuts off without paying. (pain.)

☞ You are requested to ask the following question in one word—Are you the person?

Ans.—X U E (Are you he.)

☞ In what respect does a coquette resemble Cupid?

Ans.—She keeps her *beau* in a quiver.

☞ Why is a man walking to a town like one endeavoring to prevent a blow?

Ans.—Because he is going toward (to ward) it.

☞ Why should the stars be the best astronomers?

Ans.—Because they have studded (studied) the heavens ever since the creation.

☞ Why are trees like swine?

Ans.—Because they root in the ground.

☞ Why is a speech delivered on the deck of a man-of-war, like a lady's necklace?

Ans.—Because it is a deck oration. (Decoration.)

☞ Why is a tallow chandler the most vicious and unfortunate of men?

Ans.—Because all his works are *wicked*, and all his *wicked* works are brought to *light*.

☞ Why is an unenclosed piece of land like a good man's conscience?

Ans.—It is *void of a fence* ("void of offence.")

☞ Why is a horse in a harness like an angry man?

Ans.—He is in a collar, (choler.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMAS.
PTOLEMY OF ALEXANDRIA.
PALMYRA UNION SCHOOL.
CHARADE.—CHARADE.
ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.
299 63-38 boys

Agricultural.

GARDEN HINTS.

Melons and Canteloupes.—If you have not already done so, thin out your melons and canteloupes, so as to leave three vines in a hill. Then draw the earth around the plants with a hoe, so as to cover the stems up as far as the seed leaves. Keep the ground stirred and free of weeds, and whenever the weather is dry, water the plants; an occasional watering with a decoction of soot and water, made in the proportion of a quart of soot to ten gallons of water, will be found highly serviceable.

Potatoes.—Your early Irish potatoes will require attention; hill, if necessary, and be sure to keep them clean of weeds, and the earth well stirred. Your *Sweet Potatoes* must be similarly attended to.

Late Irish Potatoes.—If you have not already planted your Irish potatoes for winter use, do so within the first ten days of this month; be sure to manure and prepare the ground well, and keep the patch clean.

Bunch Beans.—Plant these within the first ten days of this month. Should the weather prove dry, don't spare the watering pot; it being necessary that a moderate degree of moisture should be maintained in the earth. If at the time of planting, the soil should be dry, give a soaking watering to the drills.

Cabbages.—Seize the occasion of the first rain to set your cabbage plants, of various kinds, and as the cut-worm is often very destructive to newly set out plants at this season, you should prepare the following mixture in a piggin or basin, and immerse your plants in it as you withdraw them from the seed bed, taking care to cover roots and stems up as far as the leaves. Take six parts fine mould, one part soot, and one part sulphur, pour in water until you reduce the ingredients to the consistency of cream, intimately mixing the whole together. If you attend to this, the worms will not trouble your plants; while this treatment will be sure to act favorably on their early growth.

Cymblins.—See to your bed of cymblins, keep the ground clean, and water when there may be a drought.

Cucumbers.—The same treatment and care should be extended to these, as above advised for cymblins. If the vines appear to be too luxuriant in *any of this tribe* of vegetables, nip off with your finger and thumb the extreme end of the runners.

Cauliflowers.—Your early planted cauliflowers being now producing their heads, be careful to break down the outer leaves, so as to shade and protect the flowers from the sun. In hilling your cauliflowers, give the hills a basin-like shape, so that they may receive the full benefit of rain when it may fall. Be mindful in dry weather, never to let your cauliflowers want for watering, as they require much moisture to bring them to perfection.

Garden Peas.—With the view of continuing your green peas for table or for sale, plant peas at the beginning of this month, and at intervals of ten days until the end of it. If you have a bed of rich moist ground, with an open exposure, that will be the most suitable place to grow them in at this season of the year—give plenty of room between the rows—manure your ground with well rotted manure, dig it faithfully and rake it until perfectly fine; soak the seed in warm water over night before drilling them in. This will promote early germination; but you must be careful to water the drills should the weather prove dry, every other afternoon until the plants come up.

Asparagus Beds.—The old beds as well as those newly made, must be kept clean from weeds, as also any seedlings you may have to be set out next year.

Leeks may be transplanted, if done early this month.

Lettuce.—Transplant any plants you may have, and sow seed for later crops.

Lima and Carolina Beans.—Your Lima and Carolina beans planted last month, as well as any other running kinds you may have planted, should now be thoroughly worked, and have the poles planted near them to run upon. You may still plant the early Carolina bean.

Strawberry Beds.—Frequent watering of these while the vines are fruiting, tends to increase the size of the fruit. In watering, care must be taken to hold the nozzle pretty well down to the earth, so as that the water may not come in contact with the flowers of the plants and wash out the *farina*.

New plantations of strawberries succeed excellently well this month; but he who sets out a bed of strawberry plants this month, must make up his mind to attend them afterwards—to keep the weeds down and the earth open and moist. In the first place, the ground must be well manured, faithfully dug, and nicely raked—after the plants are set out, straw must be laid along the rows, and the plants be regularly watered whenever the weather is dry.

Fruit Trees.—Examine your Peach trees a few inches beneath the ground, and wherever you see a hole, cut out the worm with your pen knife, or punch it out with a knitting needle, or piece of wire; then paint the part of the trunk uncovered with a mixture of soft soap, sulphur and salts, return the earth, and paint the body of the tree up to the limbs also with the soft soap mixture above named. Sow a mixture of six parts ashes, one part salt, one part saltpetre, under the trees.

Radishes.—Sow radish seed at the beginning of this month, and at intervals of a week, during its continuance.

Gathering Herbs.—All herbs intended for drying, should be gathered when they come into bloom, and dried in the shade.

Weeding.—As success in gardening mainly depends upon keeping a cleanly and well tilled garden, you should make it a point of duty, never to let weeds or grass show their pernicious heads, much less to grow to any size, among your cultivated plants. Cleanliness, above all things else, is commendable in a garden; therefore, weeds should never be permitted to show their ugly fronts therein—certain is it, that they should never be permitted to go to seed. If attacked when they first make their appearance, they are easily kept under—easily exterminated; but if permitted to make their seeds and scatter them abroad, the labor and toil of eradication becomes herculean. In this connection the trite, though significant adage, "*A stitch in time saves nine*" —is not only opportune, but full of genuine philosophy.

If the blight should attack your pear or plum trees, cut off all the blackened limbs, and burn them.—*American Farmer.*

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

SEED WHEAT.—The late Rev. Henry Colman, some years since, in his "Notes by the Way," related the following anecdote of a farmer in Vermont, who always obtained a high price for his seed wheat, which he called "barrel wheat"—his neighbors resorting to him for their seed, and paying as high as $3 per bushel. The wheat was, in fact, superior in appearance, productiveness, and early maturity. The secret was at last discovered, when those who had been in the habit of paying him three prices, availed themselves of his practice of making "barrel wheat" for themselves, and they saved the difference in price.

The farmer in question "used, before threshing his wheat, to select the best sheaves, and striking them over the head of an open barrel three or four times before laying them down to be threshed, obtained in this way a superior seed. As, in this way, the largest and earliest white kernels would be shaken out and fall into the barrels; he obtained what might be considered a select seed, which he denominated his 'barrel wheat,' and which, until the farmers heard how to do it for themselves, found their advantage in purchasing."

The *hint* contained in the above anecdote, may, we think, be profitably availed of by wheat growers generally.

TO MAKE PEACH AND OTHER TREES BEAR YOUNG.—S. W. Cole says:—"To induce early bearing, particularly where trees are luxuriant and barren, clip off the extremities of the branches in July, about one-third of the new growth; this will produce blossom buds the latter part of summer, for a crop the next season. We have found this very successful." A. J. Downing says:—"If you wish to bring fruit trees into bearing at an early age, pinch off the shoots the first of July, and again at the end of six weeks."

BEESWAX.—The neatest way to separate bee-wax from the comb is, to tie it up in a linen or woollen cloth or bag, with a pebble or two to keep it from floating; place it in a kettle of cold water, which hang over the fire—as the water heats, the wax melts and rises to the surface, while all the impurities remain in the bag.

SEEDS.—However torpid a seed may be and destitute of all power to vegetate in any other substance, if steeped in a diluted solution of oxygenated muriatic acid at a temperature of about 46 or 48 degrees of Fahrenheit, provided it still possesses its principle of vitality, it will germinate in a few hours. And if, after this, it be planted, as it ought to be, in its appropriate soil, it will grow with as much speed and vigor as if it had evinced no torpitude whatever."—*Goode's Book of Nature*, page 100.

MANURE FOR FRUIT TREES.—Manures for fruit trees should always be cool carbonaceous matters, with no excess of alkali. Thus muck decomposed by salt and lime, before being applied, may be used with safety, and an addition of lime, or ashes, may be made [illegible] added. The surface of the ground around fruit trees should always be top-dressed to a moderate extent, with charcoal dust or gypsum, which would assist to render the muck available to the roots, by the assistance of the ammonia, which would be arrested by these ingredients from the atmosphere, and carried to the under manure by rains, dews, &c.—Such treatment would materially loosen the attacks of insects on fruit trees.

TOBACCO DUST.—We last year procured from a snuff mill a barrel of dry, but damaged snuff flour, and prepared dredging boxes, covered with fine bolting cloth, with which we sifted it over the surfaces of any plants attacked by insects, and with most signal success. The snuff should be applied, if practicable, while the plant is wet with dew, and repeated after every shower. If the boxes are properly made, (like a common flour dredge,) and the snuff is perfectly fine and dry, but little time is necessary to go over an acre of plants. Even the rose-bug, cabbage-louse, thrips on grape vines, &c., all yield to the influence of snuff, and the most delicate plant of the hot-house is not injured by its application. For field vegetables, caustic lime, made into fine powder, while dry, and applied before shaking by contact with the air, will produce similar results.

HARDINESS OF THE OSAGE ORANGE.—The plants in our grounds, now two years old, nearly, are in perfect health, with the exception of a trifling damage to the ends of the twigs. So far as this trial goes, the plant is as hardy as it need be, for these two winters have been very severe upon tender trees.—The plants in question have not been very rapid growers, and their slow progress may have affected them favorably towards the season.—*Prairie Farmer (Chicago) Illinois.*

INSECTS.—Rub your trees in June, July, and August from the branches to the ground with green catnip, to prevent the insects from laying their eggs in the bark.

OHIO.—The Ohio Cultivator recommends the farmers of that State, as the dry weather of the past month has seriously affected the grass crop, to sow Millet, Indian Corn, Ruta Baga, &c., as substitutes for Hay.

Varieties.

A LESSON FROM A CHILD.—We have heard—and shall be pardoned for making good use of the incident—of a little boy of beautifully tender sensibility, who, since first becoming aware of the tragic occurrence in Boston—the murder of Doctor Parkman—has abstained, though ordinarily of an inquisitive turn, from asking any questions, or making any remarks about it, seeming to shrink instinctively from all contact with a subject so terrible. And in this respect does not he show his true nature, setting unconsciously, set a Christian example to persons! Crime is not to be palliated, and it is necessary that justice should do its solemn and stern work of retribution even here. Thus done, by those whose awful duty it is to do it, there is a moral advantage to be gained to individuals by dwelling on the details of a sad iniquity, or visiting with other than feelings of commiseration, he whom human laws have convicted as its perpetrator, and who must soon appear before the righteous, unerring, and merciful Judge of All. Better, where duty will allow, imitate the child, and put away the sad fact in silence. Better still, to do what the now innocent child is not called upon to do, use the mournful occasion to see that from the heart is banished all that might make temptation formidable and fatal. The treatment of such a subject, by a pure-minded child, is almost an intimation from Heaven of what should be the Christian temper of mind.—*New York Christian Inquirer.*

SYMPATHY.—A mother, who was in the habit of asking her children, before they retired at night, what they had done during the day to *make others happy*, found a young twin-daughter silent. The older ones spoke modestly of deeds and dispositions, founded on the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." Still those little bright faces were bowed down in silence.

The question was repeated. "I can remember nothing good all this day, dear mother; only one of my school-fellows was happy, because she had gained the head of the class; and I smiled on her, and ran to kiss her. So she said I was good. This is all, dear mother."

The other spake still more timidly. "A little girl who sat by me, on the bench at school, had lost a baby brother. I saw that while she studied her lesson, she hid her face in her book, and cried. I felt sorry, and laid my face on the same book, and cried with her. Then she looked up and was comforted, and put her arms round my neck. But I do not know why she said that I had done her good."

The mother knew how to prize the first blossomings of sympathy. She said, "Come to my arms, beloved ones! To rejoice with those who rejoice, and to weep with those who weep, is to obey our blessed Redeemer."

THE PINE PLAINS OF NEW JERSEY.—The pine plains, as they are called, in Burlington and Monmouth Counties, New Jersey, though but little known, have ever been an object of interest to those who have travelled through that section of the State, and have occasioned much speculation and inquiry. They run North-West and South-East, and cover an area of several thousand acres, being ten miles in length, by an average width of four miles. The term *plains* does not, however, convey the idea of their appearance, for, although the surface is generally level, its characteristic feature is barrenness, it is thickly set with small, scrubby pines, of uniform height—eighteen or twenty inches. Seen at a distance, at this season of the year, it has the appearance of a vast prairie grass. The trees have most singular appearance. They are dwarfish, and covered with balls, hard, rigid, and ugly. The edge of the plain is distinctly marked, rising abruptly, surrounded by other pines of the largest growth. The cause of this sudden change is the matter so difficult of solution.

Advertisements.

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

Just received a fresh supply of Gold and Silver Watches and Jewelry, at the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 96 North Second street, corner of Quarry, as the following low prices:

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, [illegible]
Gold Lepine Watches, jewelled, 18 carat case, [illegible]
Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled, [illegible]
Silver Lepine Watches, jewelled, [illegible]
Silver Quartier Watches, [illegible]
Premium Diamond Pointed Gold Pens with Silver holders, [illegible]
Silver Tea Spoons, equal to coin, [illegible]
Dessert Spoons, do. [illegible]
Table Spoons, do. [illegible]
Watch Glasses, best quality, [illegible]

O. CONRAD,
No. 96 North Second Street, corner of Quarry.
[illegible]

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

The subscriber would invite the special attention of the public to his extensive and well selected assortment of [illegible]

WATCHES.

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, Hunting Cases, 18 carats, [illegible]
Silver [illegible]
Lepine [illegible]
Gold [illegible]

JEWELRY.

Gold Chains of every pattern and variety. [illegible]

SILVER WARE.

[illegible]

PLATED WARE.

[illegible]

BRITTANIA WARE.

[illegible]

E. H. HOPPER,
No. 60 Chesnut street, between Second and Third, (south side,) Phila.
aug10-ly